Week ending June 9 1951 Every Thursday Fourpence

John Bull

World Prize Story by John Pudney

"The Explosion"

BUCCANEER OF TEST CRICKET: SEE PAGE 9

BOTTLED VINEGAR is best!

and this is the BEST BOTTLED VINEGAR

YOU'LL FEEL FITTER *EVERY DAY—AND* BETTER
FOR THIS GRAND BREAKFAST *FOOD WITH*
THE NATURAL "BULK" **THAT KEEPS YOU 'REGULAR'**

- *GIVES YOU "GO"*
- *KEEPS YOU FIT*
- *MAKES YOU "REGULAR"*

HERE'S HOW: The soft foods eaten nowadays are almost entirely absorbed, and give bowel muscles no "bulk" to grip. You feel tired, lack "go." All-Bran provides missing bulk and gently, naturally, keeps the system *regular*. Result: freedom from constipation in a week or two!

From all grocers.

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ALL-BRAN is not a purgative—it is simply a food that adds nature's own precious bulk to today's starchy, soft diet. It's delicious; it's crisp, crunchy, and ready to serve for breakfast. By eating a little every day, you can relieve constipation in a very short time, and enjoy again the blessings of perfect fitness.

He felt "finished" at forty

Really, John, you're too bad. Night after night, I go to the trouble of cooking you a proper meal and . . .

I know, I know . . . I don't eat it. Well, I'm sorry, dear, I don't *feel* like eating—that's all there is to it. I'm too tired. I'm getting old.

Oh, nonsense, you're only just forty. And anyway, if you're tired you need *food.*

Well, let's not argue about it. I'm too tired for arguing, too.

. . . simply exasperates me, Mrs. Canning. He says he's too tired to eat when he gets home.

But, poor man, I expect he *is*. Life is a ghastly strain for men of his position. Just think of the worries he must have at the office—not to mention the work. Worries and tiredness have a direct effect on the digestion, you know;

Well, but he still needs food.

Of course he does, but not a substantial meal the second he comes into the house. Now, what I'd suggest is a routine our doctor recommended for *my* husband. Persuade John to rest, relax completely, for about half-an-hour before his dinner each evening, and while he's resting, give him half a bottle of Brand's Essence.

Why, what's so wonderful about Brand's Essence?

Well, what our doctor said was this: When a person—even a healthy person—gets very tired, his whole body slows up. Digestive juices, too, He doesn't feel hungry. He can't digest properly. He eats less and less and so gets overtired because he's undernourished. It's a vicious circle. But Brand's gives appetite again . . . That's why doctors recommend it for invalids.

FOUR DAYS LATER

What a day! This rush hour journey! Got any Brand's for me, dear?

Of course. I am *glad you like it, John. I'd never have believed it would make such a difference to you so soon. Here you are!*

Ah-h-h! What good stuff this is! I feel better for it already. What's for dinner? I must say, I do really look forward to my meals now!

. . . so now, although he's quite back to his old youthful form, I still give him Brand's Essence whenever he's extra tired or strained—and often take it myself, too. It's a meat protein with a delicious flavour. It doesn't contain fats, so there's no trouble about digesting it.

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EDITORIAL

Changing ideas on old age and retirement

EVERY FIVE PEOPLE who work for their living in Britain today are supporting—statistically if not actually—one old person of "pensionable" age (sixty-five for a man and sixty for a woman).

But in twenty-five years time every three workers will have to keep one old person by their joint earnings or efforts.

That is how it works out according to official calculations and assuming that nothing happens meanwhile to alter the division of labour and money.

In other words, within twenty-five years, a good many fewer people will be able or available to do productive work to raise or even maintain the standard of living of all. And those who are able will be carrying a bigger weight of the non-productive old.

The general expectation of life has increased by upwards of twenty years in the last half-century. So there is an ever-increasing ratio of old people to the rest of the population.

Fortunately, there is one important compensating fact. If people live longer because they are healthier, many of them, for the same reason, will be able to work longer. The Government wants to encourage those who can to keep on working until much later in life.

Clearly, we need a new attitude towards old age and retirement.

CONSIDER the alternatives. In twenty-five years' time, if retired people are to share equally in the national standard of living, every worker will have to toil for one hour in four to support them.

Or else the aged will have to be kept as a sort of depressed class, existing well below the level everyone else enjoys.

We cannot as a nation afford the first course. The second would be a tragedy and a disgrace.

The only sensible, practicable, humane solution is for as many fit old people as possible to work later to help support themselves.

Full employment has created the opportunity. There is not so much opposition to elderly people carrying on in jobs as would be shown if work were as scarce and insecure as before the war. The need for manpower and trained skill will go on. Therefore, from the nation's point of view, longer working lives are an asset.

But what of the old people themselves?

This year's Budget has given them extra inducements to carry on. The amount they can earn without loss of pension is raised to £2 a week. If, having retired, they return to work, their contributions will be made up by the State so that eventually they enjoy full pension rights. They can also increase their final pensions by prolonging their contributory period.

These are financial inducements. There are also others which the Government did not need to invent. Formerly, if a man retired on old age pension with the prospect of but two or three years of failing health and faculties remaining to him, it was natural that he should prefer to spend them in well-earned rest.

TODAY, with in many cases at least a dozen years of activity to look forward to, fewer people will resign themselves to doing nothing. Idleness means boredom. It means being cut off from the daily human contacts which make life worth while. It means rusting away of the body and the spirit.

So there is little doubt that on all sides the desire for longer working lives is real and growing.

But before it can be given scope many obstacles have to be cleared away. Employers, trade unions and a lot of habit-ridden people must be educated.

At present there are too many anomalies about retirement. It is often made compulsory, and the age at which it is set varies absurdly in industry and the professions.

In the heavy industries it is naturally lower, and will always remain lower. The solution for workers in these trades is not to ask men to continue at tasks beyond their physical powers, but to find them other, lighter jobs.

The arbitrary age limits imposed by the teaching profession, by banks, insurance companies and other commercial firms will have to follow those of the Civil Service, where sixty is no longer a "ceiling."

A vital safeguard must be applied to all this drive to lengthen working lives—there must never be any compulsion.

On the one hand, fit and willing workers must not be forced to give up their jobs by an arbitrary retiring age.

On the other hand, tired and unfit workers must not be compelled by harsh pension rules to carry on. Nor must employers be made to find work for old people who cannot pull their weight.

Given those conditions, there is every reason why a great social change should happen smoothly.

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when healthy kidney action has rid you of rheumatic pains, backache and urinary troubles.

"Every Picture tells a story"

MISCHIEF soon starts when the action of the kidneys slackens and permits excess uric acid and other harmful impurities to remain in the blood.

Possibly you feel tired, miserable and depressed; your back aching, muscles and joints stiff and sore. You may be bothered by lumbago, rheumatic pains or the common urinary disorders due to sluggish kidney action.

Take Doan's Backache Kidney Pills. Thousands of healthy men and women testify that this well-known kidney medicine has rid them of these trying ailments. *Why not let Doan's do the same for you?*

1/7, 3/9½, 6/4. *Ask your chemist for*

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JOHN BULL 189 HIGH HOLBORN LONDON W.C.1

June 9, 1951 VOL. 89 No. 2345 PHONE: TEMPLE BAR 2468 GRAMS: HEROICALLY, WESTCENT, LONDON

FREE SPEECH

Who's to blame for vegetable prices?

AS A FARMER, I fully agree with your comments (JOHN BULL editorial, May 19: "Greedy Hands In The Vegetable Basket") on the low prices paid to producers of vegetables and the high charges to consumers. I know from experience that the prices received at some fruit and vegetable markets do not at times pay for the labour for picking and cleaning.

The editorial mentioned a proposal for municipal markets selling to the housewife in every town—an excellent plan, provided prices were fixed weekly in consultation with the Agricultural Executive Committees. — L. C. JACKSON, Tynrheol, Llanwrda, Carms.

. . . Don't decry the wholesalers. They are essential to the trade and have heavy burdens, not least the wages they pay to market porters. If retailers were not making high profits, there would surely not be so many greengrocers' shops throughout London and barrow boys at every corner; nor would retailers carry on the illicit tipping of market porters. Only when housewives and public caterers study wholesale prices and, with a knowledge of market values, bargain with retailers, will we ever get retailers to sell vegetables at reasonable prices. — MRS. G. CARRINGTON WOOD, Chairman, London Housewives' Association, 24 Porchester Terrace, London, W.2.

. . . I cannot agree with your editorial that vegetables generally pass through two or more wholesalers. In my dealings with market agents and local wholesalers, I find that as a rule they sell direct to the shopkeeper who supplies the public. In any case, they sell all my produce when it is ready and at a much lower cost than if I distributed to the shops myself, taking account of the time and carriage expenses in which this would involve me. —G. R. ATKINSON, Cark-in-Cartmel, Carnforth, Lancs.

Dangers Of Tiddler Time

HAVING GOT SAFELY THROUGH the frog-spawn season, yielding bowls of lively tadpoles, many mothers must, like myself, be dreading the holidays and tiddler period. Washing purposes apart, most small boys seem drawn to water, however distant. What a relief it would be if schools would teach boys to swim when they are juniors. My son longs to be able to swim but has to wait until he is twelve, another four years.—MRS. W. CLARK, 48 Farndon Road, Alum Rock, Birmingham.

So It's Pin-money, Is It?

I AM A railway signalman's wife with a family of four. We are astonished to find that many people are dead against the Health Service, family allowances and free school meals. Such people have either no children or just one child, and are convinced that their contributions and taxes provide families like us with undeserved pin-money. They should be given the opportunity to withdraw from the Health Service altogether. Let them pay nothing and receive nothing. They would soon realize how many benefits they had been taking for granted. I think the country would survive the loss of their contributions, and people like us, who have no money for a drink or a smoke, even if we cared for them, would be spared their sneering remarks about charity. — MRS. HELEN G. GAMBLES, 53 Danby Avenue, Old Whittington, Chesterfield, Derby.

Life In A Back Room

WHILE SYMPATHIZING with homeless married couples, I think single folk in the same plight should get a hearing. I am a single woman of forty and long for a home of my own as much as any married woman. The prospect of living for ever in a back room of someone else's house is more depressing to a single woman than to a married couple. How about blocks of flats entirely for spinsters? — MISS W. M. HARRIES, Kingston Hill, Kingston-on-Thames, Surrey.

ON SALE WEDNESDAYS

You will be getting your JOHN BULL a day earlier. With next week's issue (June 16), JOHN BULL will be on sale every Wednesday instead of Thursday

Gasometer Ascent

OUT SKETCHING, I entered a gas yard, hoping to draw a very high windmill nearby. The men suggested the top of the gasometer was the best vantage point, and offered to carry up my sketching kit. To reach the top, I had to ascend one iron ladder, walk along a ledge six inches wide, clinging to a rail, and then go up another ladder. But it was worth it.—MRS. I. R. D., Hove, Sussex.

A Son's Twenty-first Birthday

ALTHOUGH EACH OF US gave him a present, my husband and I could not afford to hold a party for our son's twenty-first birthday. So he made up a party of about twenty of his friends and booked a table at an hotel for dinner and a dance. I was very hurt that he did not invite his father or myself. I had made a birthday cake with twenty-one candles, giving up three of my eggs and my sugar and butter, and my greatest disappointment was that I never saw the candles lit. The party arrived back at our home at one o'clock in the morning and carried on with drinks and the cake. My husband and I had gone to bed, but I had to get up at three o'clock to break up the party. Was I wrong in expecting to be asked to the party? Was I wrong in expecting thanks for all the extra work I put in? Has a mother to go on giving and not be hurt when there is no "Thank you"?—MOTHER, London, S.W.

Most Embarrassing Moment

AFTER my photograph was taken in a studio on the second floor of a large store, I walked over to the lift. There I saw a notice asking customers to walk through the restaurant and down the stairs unless disabled or very old. Vaguely noticing that the restaurant was full of women, all very hushed, I set off to walk along the broad centre aisle between the tables. Heads turned round and glared at me. Unabashed, I strode on, and then realized that a tall, slender female, elegantly clothed, was bearing down on me with slow, measured tread. I had walked into the middle of a mannequin parade. I was so embarrassed that I cannot remember how I finally reached the stairs.—MISS C. L., Yorks.

Little Jim's Morning Battle

LITTLE JIM, our son, is three and a half, and is deaf. In order to maintain and bring out his voice, so that he may not be dumb as well, we send him to a kindergarten school for lip-reading, and he has to leave home at 8.30 each morning. Naturally, some mornings he wants to play at home. And it was in thinking of those mornings, when his mother, father and two baby sisters exhort, cajole and even bribe him to start for school, that my wife and I in turn laughed and cried at Douglas Mays's cover (May 19) of the young laggard at the breakfast table with the school bus waiting outside.—J. M. PHILLIPS, Glasgow.

Mays's Cover Kids appear again in next week's JOHN BULL *cover.*

The Groceries Come By Canoe

PEOPLE wanting to "get away from it all" may be interested in my experiences. To get even to the edge of civilization, we have a 200-mile journey by rough road in an uncomfortable lorry, or a five-hour water journey sitting on a narrow plank in a native canoe, and then almost 200 miles again in a lorry. Our nearest post office is seventy-five miles away and our mail and provisions come up once a week by canoe. At the time of writing, my husband and I have not seen any other white person for two and a half months. —MRS. E. WILLIAMS, Kanyehu, N. Nigeria.

John Bull welcomes readers' views, experiences and ideas for publication. A guinea is paid for every letter used. Mark the envelope "Free Speech" and make sure your full name and address are in the letter.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

HERE is Kenneth J. Petts's second JOHN BULL cover picture—his first was the St. Valentine's Day painting in February. A keen cricketer, he plays for the Martlet Club at Bedford, where he lives. He is a tall man and, as a batsman, is often conscious of the small stature of the bowlers who trick him out. He is a left-arm slow bowler—so he knows what both men in the picture are thinking.

Keep some Whitbread in *your* house

IF YOU CAN!

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you'll stop them with 'ASPRO'

A British Summer always tests the weather prophets. One moment it seems set for a heat-wave—then down comes the rain. The result is that **we're continually having to adapt ourselves to the changes**; that's how sudden summer chills and rheumatic twinges often develop. The thing is to be ready for them—**to have 'ASPRO' handy and use it quickly.** Quick action with 'ASPRO' will give the symptoms no time to develop—the shivery, heavy-headed sensations—the aches and pains fade away. The body has time to readjust itself and **Nature is able to bring her full healing powers into play.** A little 'ASPRO' at the right time often saves a lot of complications later, so, if you have a sudden summer chill, a touch of rheumatic pain, neuralgia, neuritis, etc., remember—

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The class listened to her numbly, without attention. Outside, she could see the mine. Men were trapped down there—and among them was Curly

THE EXPLOSION

by JOHN PUDNEY

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LITTLE

The village was used to disaster. Miss Trotter, in love, was not

THE PIT-HEAD ALARM had gone in the middle of the morning break. At first the tumult in the school playground had reached a new peak of shrillness. Then it died down, as if a school inspector had suddenly arrived, when the first of the ambulances came squealing down the main road and turned to climb up through Tanglewood Lane towards the pit-head.

All along the low wall of the playground, the children had lined up to watch the ambulances, and the traffic, and the straggle of people hurrying into Tanglewood Lane. A Sunday silence fell upon the little Gothic school building so that the thinned-out wind seemed to wail in the hedge which separated the schoolmaster's front garden from the playground.

Mr. Hawes, the schoolmaster, came out and stood by his assistant, Miss Trotter. "It's Tanglewood again," he said. Then he sniffed, shook his head, and declared: "The price of coal, Miss Trotter! The price of coal!"

Her eyes behind her spectacles turned on him as if they wanted to exclaim; but her neat voice only said: "Do you think it's bad, Mr. Hawes?"

"It's never good at Tanglewood. I don't like to think of the number of old pupils of mine, father and son, that have. . . ." He cleared his throat and, as if there was some mystical justification in the words, he said again: "The price of coal, Miss Trotter!"

Three of the senior girls, their faces suddenly no longer young but ageless and strained, came up and asked if they could go. They stood there quietly in the drizzle. There were generations of coal-mining in their blood, in their numb acceptance of what had happened at Tanglewood, in their impotent inherited anxiety. Fathers and brothers, yes, and even sweethearts. . . . Was it explosion, or gas, or flooding, or subsidence? Miss Trotter thought she would hear the schoolmaster exclaiming once more: "The price of coal!"

She said quickly: "I suppose we shall close, Mr. Hawes?"

He said nothing and the girls stirred awkwardly, murmuring that they would be wanted at home.

"We shall carry on with school, Miss Trotter. We have always done that. It's the least one can do. But a few of the seniors will have to go home. All right, Doris, Meggy, run along. You, Joan, wait unless they send for you. . . ."

He was as calm as God, Miss Trotter thought. He had a touch of the Almighty's omniscience, too, for he knew every family in the place over three generations, and he knew every pit the men had worked like the back of his hand. He shared their mystery. "Ring the bell, Miss Trotter," he said, but as she turned to enter the school building, he stopped her. "Coming from the city, you

The two little boys they took from the class were cousins. Both were fatherless now

won't be used to this kind of thing. It has happened before, Miss Trotter, and it will happen again. . . ." She thought she would scream if he said that it was the price of coal, but instead he looked at her severely and said: "The lessons will go on as usual. That is the least one can do. Now ring the bell, please."

She had indeed come from the city, from a city of rain and symmetrical public gardens where trees dripped dirty tears upon asphalt paths. She had come from behind the half-drawn blinds of a chilly, respectable, semi-detached home, from along the corridors of red-brick schools, from tram rides to hockey fields and cups of cocoa. She had escaped to a countryside dominated by men. That had been the happiness which had brought life and colour into the yellow-green eyes behind her spectacles, a confident timbre into her neat voice, a gleam of the keen upland light into her sandy, colourless hair.

She had found health in the mining villages of the Birely Hills, a physical well-being which was a new lease of youth. She had discovered a poise in that simple, uncouth landscape where people were not just respectable but respected. Even Mr. Hawes had admitted, behind her back, that she had not done badly. Even Mr. Hawes, who knew everybody and everything.

But Mr. Hawes knew nothing about her feeling for Curly Whiteling. Only God knew about that: and in the eyes of God, Miss Trotter was unashamed.

After ringing the school bell, however, she was visited by a feeling which was shameful enough, a hot giddiness of anxiety which brought her nearly to her knees. What had happened to Curly Whiteling down there, the lithe eagerness of him, the singing voice, the ridiculous beauty of the curly quiff? The image mingled with her tears. An idealized figure, that loved one; a body that strode through another dimension; a creature wholly good, without taint. One who nodded and smiled and said, "Good day, Miss Trotter," like any other mortal. One who chaffed his mates, rooted for the local team, flushed the coal dust in his throat with a pint of beer, carried his wife's shopping once in a while and dangled his children in the open doorway on fine Sunday mornings—all unaware of his humble reflection of the goodness of God.

Miss Trotter marched into the classroom. She looked steadily over the heads of the children at the grey sky, which seemed to float down into the room and hold them in a numb, expectant silence, a traditional unnamable anxiety, an awareness in the very blood, of the disaster upon the skyline at Tanglewood.

She forced herself to look down and smile upon the class. The two Whiteling children smiled back. Why could she see only their smiles?

She began the lesson, unconvincingly, her voice neat and flat as a prize copybook. They began to listen, numbly, without attention, testing her every nerve. Towards noon, the morning came almost to a standstill. The whining of wet tyres was drowned by the ticking of the clock. From time to time there would be the startled jangle of ambulance and fire bells, which the quiet classroom ignored.

Then Miss Trotter discovered that, by standing instead of sitting, she could see from her dais the Tanglewood winding gear. By taking off her glasses, it was possible to see that the wheel was motionless. It was as if her heart was the wheel, her heart so pure, so incorruptible, so open to the eye of God, and yet so delinquent in its duty to these children. For the love of Miss Trotter for Curly Whiteling, that unassuming husband and father, hung upon the motionless wheel in a frenzy of anguish which blotted out not only present responsibilities but nearly three decades of a damp, red-brick city bedded out with sterile flowers.

MISS TROTTER had long since assumed control of this lively and wonderful affair, or so she thought until the alarm had fallen like a blight during school-break. She had moved her lodgings from the house across the road to the Whitelings in order that she should not intrude her thoughts upon their daily life. She had no room for envy in her love. She could be happy passing the time of day with Sally Whiteling without a tremor of uneasiness. She loved the children frankly because they were his.

From her new lodgings in the corner house, she could see Curly going on shift, visiting the beer house, shopping, gossiping, squatting with his mates as all the miners did. Her landlady was friends with Sally Whiteling and there were frequent cups of tea, to which she was always invited, to sit and listen to Sally talking about Curly and the children.

None of them could see the luminous light of her love behind the clean, chilly lenses of her glasses. But then, none of them looked, not even Mr. Hawes.

Desmond Tiley, in the third row of the class, put up his hand. "Isn't it dinner-time, miss?"

Miss Trotter felt the thin voice go through her like a shock. She glanced at the clock and had to put on her spectacles to see the time. By some miracle, the hands had moved. The school dinners would be ready in the lobby outside where the mobile canteen people brought them ready cooked. Yet Mr. Hawes had not rung the bell, though he always insisted upon doing it himself after taking the juniors in the last morning lesson. Perhaps the canteen people had been delayed by the events at Tanglewood. Perhaps—the thought jabbed in—they had been diverted to the pit-head.

"Ten minutes late, miss!" chimed Desmond Tiley.

"Wait, all of you. I won't be a minute," Miss Trotter said apologetically, as if she was speaking to grown-ups, and their misery, wordless, helpless, followed her out.

SHE walked across to the junior classroom, noticing that the dinners were there in the lobby, but that there was no sign of the woman who came to do the serving. Perhaps she was with Mr. Hawes. Perhaps there had been some definite news from Tanglewood.

The children in the junior class were playing by themselves. Miss Trotter passed on into the "office," the little room which connected the school building with the schoolmaster's residence. In the open doorway, she stood still. Mr. Hawes was kneeling with his back to her. He was praying, his broad shoulders rippling with the earnestness of his prayer. In that cold light, his prayer was stark, angry, demanding. Miss Trotter caught her breath. He had left his charge. He had neglected even to ring the dinner bell. Was it not his duty, surely, to turn to the little ones in their half-understood anxiety, rather than to God in His all-understanding certainty?

"For George Ruxford, Dan Keene, Abel Manstead, Alan Tiley, Nat Jones, Curly Whiteling. . . ."

Miss Trotter knelt in the doorway.

When the names came to an end, Mr. Hawes stood up and said: "It's bad, even for Tanglewood. By the end of school we shall know the worst. You're from the city, Miss Trotter; you must realize that it doesn't do to let the children worry until we know. There's no earthly need for tears, please, Miss Trotter."

She saw him, Curly Whiteling, as the very symbol of life, of dangerous, dear life. Curly, so young and lithe and quick, not innocent but not tainted, a man in a man's world, his laughter obliterating the hockey fields and cups of cocoa, the trees that dripped dirty tears.

"Ring the bell, Miss Trotter. You'll have to serve the dinners today. Mrs. Manstead's gone to Tanglewood to wait."

During the school dinner, there was news. The radio smoothly spoke of "disaster," of "feared loss of life," of rescue attempts, of pit-head crowds. A few mothers came for their children, careful to see that they had their dinner before leaving. There were also white-faced relatives who came, surprising the children and leading them silently away to bereaved homes. It was soon common knowledge that the explosion had killed some outright; that others were missing, sealed off by the fall in the pit; that there had been a trickle of survivors.

The traffic was coming down Tanglewood Lane by the end of the school dinner, ambulances moving cautiously, jangling their bells. The children watched them from the playground wall. When Miss Trotter had cleaned up the dinner, she went out along the wall, saying little, but, in her strange, magnetic way, comforting the children. When it was nearly time for afternoon school, she took off her glasses and

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Buccaneer of Test cricket

by STANLEY RUSSELL

South Africa's Dudley Nourse is a fighter who never forgets that the game matters more than the result

Nourse hits out during a trial at Maidstone this year. Once he gave up cricket altogether

WHEN THE FIRST SOUTH AFRICAN cricket team to tour Australia was batting at Adelaide in November, 1910, Dave Nourse, the Grand Old Man of Union cricket, had reached 186 and his partner was out. The next man in took to the crease a cablegram telling Nourse of the birth of his son. The batsman scanned the message, stuffed it into his pocket, and grimly re-applied himself to the task of completing his double century.

That son, Dudley Nourse, is now captain of the South African team currently touring Britain. His co-executive, manager Sid Pegler, is the ingoing batsman of forty years ago, whose happy duty of announcing the boy's arrival to his father was tempered by fears of the great man's wrath for disturbing his concentration.

There is, in fact, some doubt whether Dave Nourse, probably the greatest left-hand batsman South Africa has produced (though he emigrated from Surrey in his youth), ever forgave his son for bursting upon him at such a grave and delicate moment as fourteen runs short of making history: the first double century scored by a South African batsman in Australia. He did it, with 211, but Dudley cannot remember his father ever encouraging him at cricket or any other game when he was a boy and says, a little ruefully perhaps, "He never even showed me how to hold a bat."

He is quick to add: "His attitude was that he himself had had no coaching, and he told me that if I wanted to be a cricketer I had better get on with it in my own way. On the whole, I think he was right. A young boy cannot absorb coaching. I haven't coached my own son, Peter, though I have watched him closely and think he has the makings. But eleven or twelve is quite young enough to start, and Peter's got a couple of years to go yet."

There is a lot to be said for this viewpoint. Dudley, the boy who received no coaching, now holds, after a war-interrupted career that began only twenty years ago, nearly all the records his father spent forty years in building up.

In Test cricket for South Africa he shares with Bruce Mitchell the record of eight centuries, and he has made the highest innings of any South African—231 against Australia in 1935. His two previous visits to England, in 1935 and 1947, yielded between them well over 3,000 runs and eight centuries, three in successive innings. In the Currie Cup, South Africa's equivalent of the County Championship, he has scored more runs and more centuries than anyone else.

Of all his hundreds in first-class cricket, probably the one that gave him his greatest thrill was his first, for his father was on the opposing side, getting his first view of Dudley as a batsman. The rival captain, hoping to dislodge him, put Dave Nourse on to bowl, not knowing that the old man—he was fifty-four—had never played cricket with his son, even in the garden.

Yet such is Dudley Nourse's attitude to big scores and records that one of his favourite stories is of the opening match of the tour at Worcester four years ago. As on his previous visit, he was out first ball, which drew from a spectator the remark: "This fellow's no Bradman." (On the present tour, Nourse narrowly avoided a hat-trick. He scored four runs at Worcester in the opening match—and got his duck in his next innings, against Yorkshire.)

Breaking The Bowlers' Hearts

Nourse is a sturdy, broad-shouldered, merry-eyed and cheerful fellow of medium height. Thinning hair, greying at the temples, is the only apparent sign of approaching middle age. There is an unusual combination of youthful high spirits and mature quiet dignity. He blends the *bonhomie* of the cricketer with the courtesy and abstract air of seriousness that marks the government official: back home, in Durban, he is an inspector in the public health service.

But in purely cricketing matters he is a terror, especially to a bowler who cannot find a length. A sample was his century in two and a quarter hours in the Test Match at Old Trafford, Manchester, four years ago, the second fifty taking barely half an hour. At the other end of the scale, when time was more precious than runs, he came near to breaking the England bowlers' hearts by spending six hours over a century in the famous nine-day Durban Test in 1939, a performance which was probably even more painful to his buccaneer spirit than to the stoics who watched it.

Dudley Nourse is a fighter. As a boy, finding no cricketing encouragement from his father, he determined to make his name at football instead and succeeded, first as his school's outside-right and later as centre-half for his province. There was an era when he abandoned cricket entirely, and regarded summer merely as a preparation for football. He filled in the gaps by taking up baseball. His keen eye brought him representative honours at this, too, and he is still a legislator in both soccer and baseball.

A friend, who pointed out that he was wasting his talents, lured him at last to a net to be coached at cricket. The embracing discipline of the net far from landing him as a valuable catch for the game, almost made him the biggest fish that ever got away. The young Dudley found that the restrictions imposed by correct stroke play upon his natural freedom of movement were so irksome that he left the net, determined never

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To my husband

by PAUL HORGAN

Oh, Rick, if you were only here. . . . Something dreadful has happened to our boy—and he is holding me to blame

WHEN THE U.S. FLEET put in at Pearl Harbour on the way out to Korea, mail came aboard. In a bag for the carrier *Brandywine* there was a thick envelope addressed to her captain, Commander Richard E. Anson, from his wife. With a smile, he decided to put it aside until the evening, when he might settle down to enjoy its news without fear of interruption. Katherine's letters were like diaries. He marvelled at how she could evoke herself right up from the page, and the events, places and persons she wrote about. She took the trouble to write with many details, and she knew just the sort that would amuse or interest him.

Setting her envelope down on his desk in his close quarters on board the *Brandywine*, he was then astonished to see that it was not postmarked at Coronado, where he had left her and Eric, their son, at home, but bore the postmark of that city in West Texas where Katherine had been born and where her parents still lived. Why on earth had Katherine gone to Texas, taking Eric with her, of course, as there was no one with whom to leave the ten-year-old boy? His curiosity got the best of him and he threw himself on his bunk and opened the thick letter.

Sunday evening,
the nineteenth

RICK DARLING,

I was just getting nicely levelled off about your sailing yesterday when the phone rang this afternoon, one of those long-distance rings that sound so fateful. It was mother. She was all upset but being rather grand about it. Father suddenly had one of his attacks this morning, a bad one, and another might follow at any moment, and next time probably fatally. The doctor thought we'd better come now if we were coming at all.

I said that Eric and I would take a plane tonight and be home there by tomorrow late in the morning. Oh dear. It has been difficult to know just how much to tell Eric—he hasn't seen his grandfather since that time four years ago—you remember? And he adored him, in fact it was mutual, and I have always felt that father saw in Eric the son he always wanted but never got, with only me, to whom he has always been so civil and loving, but never really confidential, you know, the way you and I are, for instance.

Mother sounded exhausted but obviously was making an effort to preserve her style—you know mother. In a position to be comforted, she would make a great point of comforting others for the inconvenience she caused them. She said father did not know we were being sent for—it was just supposed to be, for him, a surprise family visit. He doesn't know his real condition. I wonder if he would like that. . . .

It is now late Monday.

We had a perfect flight, Eric by the window, absolutely muted and paled for the first hour by his joy. Presently he found a bolt sticking out a little below the window, and I saw that he was using it to make the plane fly. Once he glanced at me to see if I saw his game and if I thought it childish. I gave no sign, of course, and he went on seeing that we stayed in the air, and banked and landed when necessary. I thought he made quite a brilliant landing at El Paso.

We motored from there—mother sent her car. I felt like a young girl again, where I grew up. When we got to the house, Eric became excited, overjoyed at the places where he played on previous visits.

The place looks splendid—wonderfully kept, as always. As we came up the steps, mother came to welcome us. She looked tired but firm, and took us into her own little sitting-room to tell us how things were. Father had a good night, was hungry this morning, threw his nurse out twice before breakfast, and thought he might get up. The doctor talked him out of that, and advised him to rest up for something nice that might happen today (our arrival).

"Does he know yet?" I asked.

"No," said mother. "At least he knows you and Eric are to be here, but he does not know why."

"Oh, come, Mother dear. You don't mean to say you think he wouldn't guess . . . ?"

She shut her eyes for a moment to gather strength to manage all her cares, new and old, and then rang for Mattie. I suppose she is the last old lady in Texas who rings for her maid. Mattie came and hugged me and Eric—she's more enormous than ever, and twice as black and good—and mother sent her to bring Mrs. Tredway, the nurse. My heart began to beat. I didn't want to see father. I loved him too well as I remembered him, long years ago. But Mrs. Tredway (gleaming with spectacles, teeth and professional self-effacement) said we could go in now, and we went.

OH, Rick, father was magnificent. He looked dreadfully ill, but (how shall I say it?) beautiful. Purified. White light in his eyes and the strangest effect of having his thoughts printed plain as reading on his face. I saw the minute we came in—all of us, mother, Mrs. Tredway, Eric and I—that our arrival told him the truth. He looked at us all in silence for a long moment—I could hardly bear it—and then suddenly he became very Old Colonel again, the artilleryman of the first World War, and though his voice was much depleted, he managed to roar in it with humour and took Eric by the hand. I think he saw that we were terrified for him and he felt sorry for us because he was going to die and be a bother; but he would never accept pity, and he took charge right then. He talked to Eric in that waggish voice—a good voice for children and hound-puppies.

"Well! Did he come to see Granddaddy Howlett? Well! Did he want to surprise the old man? Well! Did he grow up to be a very big boy since last time he came?"

Eric was pleased and scared—there was much feeling at large in the room, and, of course, children feel it whether or not they know it. He sat down on the bed and father held his hand. Father travelled all over Eric with his eyes hungrily, looking to find something, and if he found it, to say goodbye to it in content. He asked Eric how the train ride was—what kind of locomotive.

Eric said we flew, and father paused at that, and I could see what he thought. ("If they flew, I must not have much time.")

Then he said in a new, tired, husky voice: "I am glad you came, my boy. I am glad you came. You come back and see me after lunch. Hear? You come back. Now goodbye." Father just winked at Eric. It was extraordinary. They were like old cronies of no particular age.

When we were alone, mother asked: "What do you think?" and I said he seemed very weak. She put her face in her hands a moment, and I thought she might cry, but she didn't. She would not recognize that change was coming—I think that scared her most. I know how she sometimes fussed at father until he must have been wild, but he let her dash up at him like a wave against a rock, and presently she would calm again, like the waters. But you know her—sooner or later she'd become a wave again.

Eric went out front to play, and I noticed him climbing in the cottonwood tree—"his" tree, and if you don't remember about it, I'll remind you, because it all came back to me while I sat there with mother wondering about what was coming for her, and what she would miss so terribly—all her little furies that tied her to father just as much as her general love.

When I was a child, father had that cottonwood planted in front. He said it was the best of all trees on the plains—more shade, more cool, more rest for the eye. It grew fast, used much water, and, of course, gave off that sweet, sticky pollen that drifted in the corners of the yard like silky snow, and gave some people terrible hay fever, including—and this is the point—mother. Not really, though, for she would sneeze only if she held the pollen to her nose, and her eyes would water if she stirred up the drifts with her parasol. But the tree became one of those issues with her. Don't you remember all this?

Father wouldn't think of removing the tree. The first comfort he ever had on these plains as a young man fresh from Harvard Law School was to ride his horse to a cottonwood tree by a bitter alkaline spring and lie down in the shade and make up his life ahead of him. That tree out front would not come down.

Really, Rick, it went on for years. Once, when father was away, mother arranged to have the tree cut down—she'd detected signs of tent caterpillar in the branches—but father got back

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBERT BAILEY

Eric, his face sick and white, pushed past and pointed at his grandmother. He cried out harshly: "Wrong! Wrong! You did wrong and I hate you!"

unexpectedly early, and smoked out the caterpillar cocoon. The tree stayed.

Mother never learned. The last time Eric and I were here, four years ago when he was six, the matter came up again, one day at lunch, as I recall. Mother became charming—you know how she can, all full of little liftings, and glances, and innocence—and said: "Percy! Imagine! Today I ran into Mr. Dickson, the tree man, and just out of curiosity I asked him what he would charge to take out that tree in front, and he amazed me. He said thirty dollars would take care of the whole thing—hauling away included. Imagine! I was fascinated! What do you think, dearie? Shall I call him tomorow?"

He glared at her, and, you know, I positively think she got some kind of loving joy out of it—as if this was one more way to feel his power, even if she mixed it all up with her own sense of justice, self-respect, and so on. Anyway, father said nothing. But when he came back from the office that afternoon late, he brought his reply to her question about the tree. He called us all together in front of his huge desk with the green leather top, in the library, and it was then that he gave the tree to Eric legally. You remember, we brought the deed home with us, and Eric was bewildered and proud. But father did make him understand in front of mother, and for her benefit, that it was his tree, and nobody could harm it in any way without trespassing on his legal rights. Did they understand? The law was the law.

I think it was the only time I ever saw mother go pale with fury. It was appalling. I think she thought father had been wickedly unfair to do what he'd done. The whole issue was raised then above the universal bickering of man and wife, and became untouchable so long as he was a symbol of the law. Are you ever amazed at all the things that go to make up a family? So far as I know, the thing was never discussed again, but, knowing her, I'd bet that mother made much of her hay fever whenever she wanted to scratch father for something or other he'd done. And I'll bet, however fond he was of her, and how cemented by habit, he never left his tree—Eric's tree—open to danger again.

All of this had much point this morning as I watched Eric playing in the branches. He was like a piece of the morning, all breeze, light and happy. Isn't it odd. Sometimes he seems like much more than ten years old and at other times much less. He dropped to the ground and took my hand and said, looking at his tree: "Isn't it big! Do any other boys own a tree?"

"I don't imagine so."

"They don't, do they? They have nobody to give them one, have they?"

He said this looking inward, with pride in his grandfather. I thought what an imaginative gift it was. Giving a piece of towering life to a child. Only father could have thought of it.

We took a little walk and presently he asked me how grandfather was. For the first time I told him his grandfather would die.

"When?"

"We don't know. Not long."

He did not say any more, but put his hand in mine, whether to comfort me, or himself, I don't know. Yes, I do. Both, surely. We got back just in time for lunch. Eric was rather sombre, until at one point mother leaned over to him with her undeniable grace and coquetry that could mask so much iron structure (she is the eternal Southern belle, you know, regardless of her age), and said, with a blur of her eyelids: "You do love your dear little grandmother, don't you, Eric?"

He put down his fork and stared at her. It seemed to him an amazing question, and he appeared to weigh it in terms of some bargain or other—what did she want of him? Actually, his staring silence became a little rude, so I prompted him, and he said: "Yes, Grandmother."

But mother was never one to accept the first offer. "How much do you love her?" she asked, and hugged herself with delicate extravagance, in suggestion.

"Very much," said Eric politely.

We all made audible little smiles—Mrs. Tredway lunched with us—and dismissed as a caprice something that really had some deeper, and maybe pathetic, meaning. What was an old widow's loneliness really like?

After lunch, naps; and then Mrs. Tredway came looking for Eric to go to father. We all went with him, and when he saw us, father rose up a little and waved us out. "No. Not you, or you, or you. Only the boy. Now go."

Mother stood her ground for a moment, but he gave a scowl so tremendous that she sighed with extreme ladyship and we went out. We left the door open, but he sent Eric to close it.

He was in there fully an hour. There was

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FOR THE RECORD – A JOHN BULL SPECIAL

Helen Cooke wins through at Baltinglass

by LAWRENCE EARL

Police swoop on the Irish village of Baltinglass . . . pickets guard a telephone cable . . . sirens rouse the populace. The finale of a fantastic battle over a postmistress and her job

SOON AFTER THE POLICE had swooped into the Irish village of Baltinglass in the early morning of December 11, 1950, a team of Post Office linesmen arrived. Their job was to disconnect the telephone cables leading into the post office where Miss Helen Cooke had for the past fourteen years acted as assistant to her aunt, the sub-postmistress.

The cable would then be connected to a switchboard in the drapery shop which was to become the post office; the new sub-postmaster was twenty-seven year old Michael Farrell. It had been Farrell's unexpected appointment to the post vacated by Helen Cooke's ageing aunt that had aroused Baltinglass to an unprecedented pitch of indignation; most of the villagers believed that Helen should have got the job.

As the linesmen walked towards the concrete slab which covered the cable junction, Helen Cooke's supporters bunched tightly around it. The police, having expected to find an unwarned sleeping village, now waited uneasily for fresh orders. It seemed certain they could not get the linesmen to the cable without a pitched battle.

The Protest Committee, huddling together for protection from the stinging sleet, conferred on the situation. Their original idea had been to get one or more of their pickets arrested as the price for the publicity they felt the case needed. Now, however, the village was choked with newspaper reporters, and additional publicity was unnecessary. A group of committee members, led by Major-General Meade Dennis, decided to approach Michael Farrell in a last-minute attempt to persuade him to withdraw. Farrell, a husky, good-looking young man, shook his head. "I won't stand down," he said.

By noon, the impasse remained unbroken. The police had taken no action and, though the feeling of high tension remained, most of the Cooke army, having missed breakfast, went to their homes for an early lunch. A picket of eight men and women remained on guard around the slab.

"Switch The Siren On—Quick!"

At one o'clock, Bernard Sheridan, a publican who was one of the organizers of the protest campaign, spied the blue-uniformed police assembling at Farrell's corner. He stepped into Cooke's and telephoned his wife at his saloon. "Maureen, switch the siren on—quick!"

The siren Sheridan had constructed out of a couple of motor hooters wailed once more, and those gulping down lunch deserted their tables and rushed for the slab. They arrived to find that the police had cordoned off a segment of Mill Street above and below Cooke's. One of the villagers approached the cordon. "Excuse me," he said. "I have to get back to my work." The police politely let him through. Presently, in the same way, in twos and threes, about fifty villagers filtered in between the lines of police. They bunched around the slab.

Sheridan thought they might seek violence and some might get hurt; and, now that publicity for Miss Cooke's case was theirs for the asking, there was no need to risk criticism. "Ladies and gentlemen," he shouted above the angry murmuring, "it is the expressed desire of the Protest Committee that we have no violence, no clash with authority." From the crowd, a voice demanded: "Well, what did you want us here for?"

"Simply and solely for passive resistance," Sheridan replied. "To show the world we fought a clean campaign." There was a resentful buzz around him, but the pressure towards a violent clash seemed to have lifted a little. Then the police went into action. They drove a lorry, very slowly, into the bunched villagers, who retreated stubbornly from the slab. The linesmen came to disconnect the cable.

From the sullen crowd, somebody shouted at the Post Office workers: "Are you Irishmen at all? Sure, and you could get another job!" A group of eight women marched through the streets carrying black flags. Most of the village shops drew their blinds, as they usually did for a funeral. And a group of Michael Farrell's jubilant supporters paraded up Main Street, carrying Eire's tricolour before them, certain of their victory. By four o'clock, a hush descended on the village. The Cooke army felt flat and empty. At seven the new phone cable was connected to Farrell's and, with that, the Baltinglass Post Office had moved up the street.

Miss Helen Cooke in Baltinglass Post Office.

Bernard Sheridan adjusts the "siren"—two car hooters—which he fixed to his house. Twice it was used to arouse the villagers

Telegraph Poles Cut Down

That evening, a Protest Committee meeting was held at Felix O'Neill's. There was no talk of surrender. When Sheridan suggested that a picket be placed on the General Post Office in Dublin, the others agreed it would be a good idea to do so on Wednesday, when the Baltinglass question was to be raised in the Dail (Parliament) once more. General Dennis suggested hiring a plane equipped with a public address system. Members of the committee, enthusiastic over the idea, subscribed to the cost of hiring the aircraft out of their own pockets. This same method was used to cover all campaign expenses.

Meanwhile, the news that the Government had used a large force of special police to gain their ends in Baltinglass had spread. This had the effect of recruiting sympathizers for the Cooke cause and, at half past ten on Monday night, some of these new allies cut down four telephone poles several miles north of Baltinglass. (The following Sunday, after similar incidents had occurred and the Government had put three plain-clothes men on the job of preventing further

At one stage in the battle she was preparing to quit Eire

Police and Cooke supporters scuffle by the stone slab covering the cable junction

damage, a letter from Father Doyle, the parish priest, was read at all masses in the Baltinglass area. "We beseech all sections of the community to set their faces against a repetition of the acts here and elsewhere," said the priest.)

On Tuesday, the Cooke supporters, refusing to patronize Farrell, organized their own private post office. Mail was left at Felix O'Neill's and a duty roster was drawn up for collecting it and posting it in neighbouring villages. Ben Hooper, headmaster of the technical school, was at the top of the roster. He loaded his small car with letters and parcels. It was approaching Christmas, and his back seat was piled high with turkeys and other food offerings to relatives in Britain. Farrell's supporters retaliated by picketing the technical school. Placards they carried read: "Hooper Must Go" and "Parents: Withdraw Your Children From Hooper's Class." But when a reporter interviewed the headmaster he was told that school attendance was better than it had ever been.

On Tuesday, Helen Cooke announced her intention to sell out and move with her aunt to Leeds, where her brother and sisters were partners in medical practice. General Dennis called round to see her. "Don't do it," he urged. "The people of Baltinglass won't allow you to go. It would be a disgrace to the country. If necessary, a fund will be opened to support your aunt for the rest of her life."

"I am both willing and able to support my aunt," Miss Cooke replied. "However, I will remain on for a while and see what develops." To do this, she had to dig into her small savings. Soon, letters of sympathy and encouragement poured in to the white-haired, courageous woman —messages from Eire and Britain and, later, from the Dominions and America. These letters were, of course, delivered to her from the Farrell post office.

The next few days seethed with activity. Wednesday dawned foggy and cold, with a thin, fresh fall of snow on the ground. General Dennis arrived at Sheridan's shortly after nine to take him to Dublin. It had been agreed that Sheridan would broadcast the Baltinglass message from the aircraft. Dennis said: "Will you be nervous going up?" "No," Sheridan said. "I'll not be nervous at all." When they reached Dublin, the fog had lifted a little. They went directly to see Norman Ashe, an ex-glider pilot who operated the only aircraft in the country with public address equipment. Dennis said: "Sheridan here will be going up with you to do the talking."

Ashe shook his head. "The weight of the equipment makes that impossible. I'll have to do the broadcasting myself." Dennis cleared his throat. "That's disappointing for you, Sheridan."

"Not at all." Actually, Sheridan felt rather relieved. "I can get up to the G.P.O. and join the picketing instead."

The Message From The Sky

Because of the weather, Ashe confined his flight to the Dublin area. He wallowed round at forty miles an hour with a silencer on his engine. His message was simple: *"Baltinglass calling. We demand clean administration. Our fight today may be yours tomorrow."* These words from the sky made a deep impression on all who heard them.

At two in the afternoon, Sheridan joined the picketers. He was greeted by a symphony of flash bulbs. A crowd had gathered. "Good old Baltinglass," they yelled. "That's the stuff to give them!" Passing motorists held up their thumbs. A policeman came over. "I'm sorry," he said, "you'll have to keep on the move."

On Thursday, Baltinglass subscribers held a one-day boycott of Farrell's telephone exchange by leaving the receivers off their hooks. The following evening, about eighty Farrell supporters assembled, carrying fifteen lighted peat torches, and marched up Main Street and into the town hall. It had been rumoured that James Everett, Minister of Posts and Telegraphs, would come to address their meeting. To show how they felt about the Minister, merchants who favoured Miss Cooke shut their shops and pulled their blinds. Meanwhile, Patrick Cogan, a Deputy of the Dail, dropped into a Protest Committee meeting.

"I was talking to Trasa MacGeehan, a friend of mine, in Dublin yesterday," Cogan said. "She's anxious to form a protest sub-committee there if she has your approval."

"Sure, and she has it," Ben Hooper declared. "We want committees everywhere." Sheridan telephoned Miss MacGeehan to go ahead.

"I thought perhaps I could collect signatures," she told him. A tall, bespectacled spinster in her forties, she wrote at once to the Dublin newspapers appealing to Irishmen for moral support, and for 10,000 signatures of protest against the way the Government had treated Helen Cooke. The letter was published on Saturday morning. Before Miss MacGeehan arose from her bed that day, nine signatures were handed in to her housekeeper. The evening post brought another eighteen. From then on they came in an unending flood.

There began, too, a continuous stream of cars, bringing lists of signatures to her door from all the counties of Eire. One girl, an employee of the Irish Sweepstakes' office in Ballbridge, collected 400 signatures and brought them in. The job kept Trasa MacGeehan busy from early morning until late at night answering queries, accepting signatures and refusing offers of cash for the cause. She had, at that time, never met Helen Cooke.

A Remarkable Man Arrives

On Saturday, December 16, there was a temporary lull over the snow-covered village, but on Sunday tongues wagged excitedly at the arrival of a remarkable man from Cork. His name was Owen O'Mahoney. Known in Eire as "The Pope," he was considered to be a saintly man, who liked to champion the downtrodden. A barrister and a Knight of Malta, he arrived in the village clad in an unseasonal white flannel jacket, black trousers, black boots—and with no hat or overcoat.

He wanted, he said, to see for himself what was behind the hubbub raised over the Cooke case. He was forty-six years of age, but his beard, once black, was already turning white. He talked to dozens of villagers, on both sides of the controversy, and then, on Monday, he sent Patrick O'Grady, a member of the Protest Committee, to summon Sheridan to his presence.

"Do you know this man?" Sheridan asked O'Grady, suspiciously.

"Not other than that he's a barrister and is from Cork." Sheridan warned him: "We want to be very careful of what we say to strangers."

As it happened, it was "The Pope" who did most of the talking. "This is a great day for democracy," he told Sheridan as they shook hands. "You people are putting up

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Girl Partisan joins our mission

ILLUSTRATION BY OLIPHANT

Our tommy-guns held at the ready for any sign of enemy patrols, we crept silently through the deserted streets of Palanka to Baba's house

I WAS A SOLDIER-SPY (6)

Secretly crossing the Danube, Basil Davidson sets out for Hungary. His mission: to link with the Resistance and bring back an important Hungarian patriot.... Here he continues the story of his adventures as a British special agent

LEAVING THE NORTH BANK of the Danube and the line of enemy pillboxes behind us, we crossed a few fields and then split into two groups. Juritsa and Milovan, who had sat in the rubber boat during our troublesome crossing of the Danube, paired off together and I teamed up with Black George, the other tough Jugoslav Partisan fighter. Our plan was to hide in friendly farms—which were few and far between—during the hours of light, and to go about our work after dark.

Half an hour's walking, and Black George and I had made the shelter of a copse of birchwood. Nearby we could see the shadow of a farmhouse. So far we had marched in silence, but now, splitting the night with hideous noise, the farm dogs gave tongue. And then, one after another for miles and miles across that shelterless plain, the dogs took up the call of alarm until the night was aloud with their howling.

George and I rushed for the house. A door crashed open and a woman's voice screamed hoarsely at the dogs. She peered nervously at us and laughed. She was a jolly, red-faced girl in her nightshirt, her hair in curling pins and papers. "George, is that you?" She laughed again and caught our hands. "My, but I'm glad to see you. Here, come inside quickly."

Inside the cottage, hands clutched at us and guided us to chairs. Then the girl lit the paraffin lamp on the stove. Its yellow light showed us a narrow little room and a bed with an old man and woman asleep in it, who now woke and stared at us with a mixture of fear and welcome. But they were firm friends and welcomed us as soon as they had recovered from their momentary fright. They were astonished and pleased when they found that George had brought a British officer with him: they stared at me and then made me tell them what I had seen and thought of Tito's army.

George broke in at last and said: "Look here, can we sleep here today?" It would be dawn in an hour or so. They were silent at that. They knew the risk they would be taking. "We can't have you in the house. You understand. They'll have heard the dogs. . . . But there's the pigsty."

"Or the loft. That sow'll never let them rest, Mother. You know what a noise she makes. Let them go in the loft."

"All right," the old woman agreed, "but they'll have to lie quiet all day."

We passed the rest of the night and the next

by *BASIL DAVIDSON, M.C.*

Tailors' unit attached to the Partisans in Fruska Gora, where Davidson operated. Partisan morals were puritanical. Loose conduct between men and women brought severe punishment—even death

day, luxuriously as it seemed to us, in the loft.

Our next task was to go into Palanka and make certain Partisan contacts there. From these we should learn what route to take to reach the town of Novi Sad, thirty miles down-river. It was here that I hoped to meet Professor Szentgyörgy, the eminent Hungarian scientist whom I had come to find. He would be a great help to the Allied cause if I could only get him out of German-occupied Europe and back to Britain. He might also be able to put me in touch with the Resistance movement in Budapest, which I had orders to contact.

We tackled it the following night. In Palanka, a large town for these parts, there was an enemy garrison of several thousand men, Hungarians and some Germans, and accordingly we made a rendezvous with our friends to meet us on the outskirts. But our friends were nowhere to be found. "We'll go in and look for them," George decided. "We can always sleep at Baba's place."

From the first houses of Palanka there was not a sound. Palanka was like a town of the dead. It was almost as if the enemy was waiting for us. George said: "If we run into a patrol we open up on them at once, and we run back through the cover of the mulberry trees. Get it?" The main streets of Palanka are lined with these great mulberry trees. The mud road deadened our footsteps. We held our tommy-guns under our peasant jackets, cocked.

Woman With A Dangerous Job

And that is how we came, creeping silently through these deserted streets, to Baba's house. Baba, at this time, was aged twenty-three and already a widow. Two years before, right at the beginning of the Partisan movement in these parts, Baba's husband had died of wounds from a clash with Hungarian gendarmes. A frightened girl with no more idea of politics and war than the need to follow her husband, Baba had taken to the Partisan movement in a fit of rage and despair, and had grown up with it, until now she was its delegate in the town of Palanka. She held, that is, one of the most dangerous jobs in the movement. She had to recruit volunteers from under the very eyes of the enemy, to move about and do political propaganda within sight and sound of the enemy's police and patrols.

This stout-hearted young woman did her work with a confidence and skill which were amazing, recruiting volunteers and sending them to the great Partisan armies far away, circulating the news in written or spoken form, acting as a friend and guide to all of us whose secret business brought them to Palanka. She stood in the jaws of death, and seemed to think it nothing.

"I was a fat-headed girl two years ago," she explained to me when she knew me better, "with no more idea of the world than the price of bacon and the best way to avoid paying taxes. I could read and write, but I didn't do either any more than I could help. But there you are, our movement's been a university to me. Now I want to live. I want to make something in the world. There's so much to do."

I wondered how Baba's courage and self-confidence would survive a real emergency. A day or so later I got the answer to my question. We had left Palanka and were now on our way to Novi Sad.

We had taken shelter for the day in the loft of a farm kept by a friendly peasant woman whom we called Mother Matsa. Although her farm was ten miles or so outside Palanka, the Hungarians seemed to have caught wind of our presence. They had raided a nearby village, and, so we heard, had captured one of our number who knew that we were probably at Mother Matsa's. The question was whether or not this man would give us away. Of his own free will, we knew that he wouldn't, but the Hungarians had methods of torture which were generally effective.

"He shouldn't have let himself be captured," George said. "He should have shot himself."

There was nothing to do but wait all through that interminable day and expect the worst. Only with nightfall could we count ourselves safe. There was George and Juritsa and Baba and I, and a moon-faced man from Belgrade who went by the name of Bata. Mother Matsa climbed up to see us from time to time, her curiosity getting the better of her fears. She was especially curious about Baba and how it was that men and women could fight and live together and yet leave sex entirely on one side.

"Now, look here," she asked in a confidential tone, "how can you have women in your movement?" She went on: "I mean, you all sleep together and live together. . . ." She giggled with embarrassment, squatting on her heels and looking at us as we lay in a row, George and Juritza and Bata and Baba and me.

Baba, a staunch defender of women's rights in a country where women were regarded as inferior beings, sat up and said: "Hey, Mother Matsa, what are you driving at?"

"She thinks we're in love with you," Juritsa said, giggling, too.

"Now, shame on you," Mother Matsa said, not liking to admit that this was precisely what she did mean. "But come on, tell me about it. Could I let my daughter go with you? I mean, how would it be?"

Why There Were No "Goings-on"

Baba told her. She said that the Partisan movement was a fellowship based upon mutual self-respect and human dignity. "The women have their part to play just like the men. And, of course, there can't be any goings-on between us. Because if there were, we should lose everyone's trust and stop caring about the movement, and start looking for ways to avoid danger." Baba lectured away in a grand old style, but there wasn't the slightest doubt—she meant every word of it. Among themselves the Partisans insisted on standards that were puritanical.

And so a part of that dreadful day went by. The sun rose high in the sky and baked us lying in the loft with the heated air of the plains. At about midday, our moon-faced man from Belgrade, whom we didn't know very well, began to lose his nerve. He sat up suddenly and said: "Do you think he'll talk, George?"

"How should I know? They'll screw his fingers off and he'll talk. Wouldn't you?"

Bata was quiet for a moment. Then he said: "Yes, I would. And so will he." He sat up slowly and kept repeating: "And so will he."

It was nearly one o'clock: pretty well zero hour. Black George was scornful. "If we live until tonight," he said to Bata, "we'll send you back over the Danube. It takes a man to stick it out on this side."

That started an argument in which Baba joined. "Look here, Bata," she said fiercely, "we're not a bunch of coffee-house talkers. We're fighters for the people, d'you understand?" She sat up in her excitement and talked heatedly until old Mother Matsa called up for us to make less noise. "They'll hear you in Palanka," she cried, "if you go on like that."

Safety Was Not Everything

But the girl went on. Pointing towards the Fruska Gora, the Partisan stronghold on the other side of the river, she said: "Yes, it's easier over there. But you're a Partisan, Bata. D'you want to go promenading in the Fruska Gora, where it's safe? No, of course, you don't. You're an honest and a brave fighter." She bent towards him, smiling. "You can't start speculating on how you're going to live or die. Fat lot that matters! We're fighting for our future. We'll take *any* risk for that!"

And so the afternoon passed, and late in the afternoon we knew that our fears were groundless. Towards evening, as the first shadows fell, we came down from the loft and crowded into Mother Matsa's kitchen, all talking together. Even Bata had forgotten to be ashamed. Yet a week later this man asked to be sent back to the Fruska Gora: and from there, knowing his weakness, they sent him to the big battalions in Bosnia, where individual cowardice would matter less.

Not far short of Novi Sad, in a farmhouse rendezvous arranged by George, I met emissaries from that town and inquired about Szentgyörgy. To my bitter disappointment, I learned that he had refused to wait any longer—fearing, I suppose, to be compromised with the Germans—and had returned to Budapest.

"Did he leave any messages for me?" I asked. "Any means of contacting him in Budapest?" Rile, the tough young peasant who had come from Novi Sad, shook his head. "Have

Basil Davidson at Veliki Bechkerek, behind the Russian lines, just before he completed his mission

you *any* contact—any at all—with Budapest?"

Rile shook his head again. "We did have," he said. "We used to have contact with Jugoslavs living there. But that's gone now. Since the German occupation last March all our contacts are broken."

I decided to go back to the Fruska Gora and to tell Base that they should try by their own means to get a message through to Budapest. A few days later, deeply disappointed, I went back. Chronic dysentery made me feel even more wretched. And then, nearly one year after I had dropped into Jugoslavia, I received a message from Headquarters in Italy bidding me to "come out" to report.

It was one thing to be told to "come out"; it was quite another to know how to do it. The enemy lay between me and the hills of Bosnia, where our aircraft were now able to land on makeshift airstrips. Unless we could build an airstrip in the plains, I should have to stay put. With Lala, a local Partisan commander, I went down into the plains near the city of Belgrade. "We'll make a strip here," Lala declared. "And we'll send out our wounded." Within a day or so we found a magnificent stretch of field near the village of Asanje, and I wirelessed headquarters.

The night the aircraft were due we put strong ambushes on every road in the vicinity, laid a flare-path of stooks of straw, and prayed for fine weather. We got the fine weather all right, but at the last moment there was doubt whether our wounded, some sixty or seventy of them, would be able to arrive in time. They would have to be brought across the railway from the Fruska Gora, and getting wounded men across the railway line was no simple matter.

Bluffed His Way Through

Lala sent young Ilia on this mission. "I don't care how you do it, or where you do it," he told Ilia, "but you've got to have these wounded here in time."

Ilia was a determined young man. He brought his column of wounded in their creaking peasant carts to within a quarter of a mile of the line. There he halted them and went on himself until he came within shouting range of the nearest pillbox. Hidden by the darkness, he shouted to the sentries in the pillbox that he had 300 Partisans with him and a few wounded—actually he had about thirty Partisans and twenty cartloads of sick and wounded men. Would they let these wounded pass over unmolested? Or did they want to be wiped out?

The sentries replied that they did not want to be wiped out. The column of wounded came rattling over the railway without loss.

We felt proud and happy when two Dakotas, superbly self-confident, swooped down out of the sky at the appointed hour and slid quietly to rest on our amateur airstrip. They were on the ground for more than an hour, until in the end I began to grow nervous. The wounded were filing slowly in. At last they were all ready—fifty-six wounded men lifted from under the very noses of the enemy.

One Dakota got away. I said goodbye to everybody, and one of my Partisan friends embraced me on behalf of the others. In a year we had come to know and trust each other. "I'll be back in a fortnight," I said, but I saw they did not believe me.

Germans Were On The Run

Hospital in Bari. Incredible quantities of sulphaguanidine, which knocked the dysentery out of me and most of my remaining strength as well. Leave. Swimming and sunshine. A kind of heaven. . . .

So it was not a fortnight before I got back to the plains of Jugoslavia. It was nearly six weeks, of which I'd spent half in hospital. And when I did get back, early in September, 1944, the scene was changed. Already the Red Army had fought its way into eastern Jugoslavia, already the Germans were pulling out. Here in the plains the Partisans prospered mightily.

It was obvious that the chances of making contact with Budapest were in these circumstances much improved. My directive from Base was still the same: *help the Partisans but try above all to make contact with Budapest.* There was still no news of Szentgyörgy, but in the confusion of the great German withdrawal from the East I might with my forged passport as an Italian journalist—Giovanni Bandini—be able at last to get northward into the capital of Hungary.

A week after returning to Jugoslavia, accordingly, I rowed once more across the Danube to the treacherous plains on the Hungarian side. I crossed the Danube and marched eastwards by night, coming with every step nearer to the great battles which were raging between the Red Army and the retreating Germans. There was the continuous rumble of guns in the east; at night the sky was tinged with a red glow.

Outside Novi Sad, the greatest town of these parts, I stopped at a friendly house and changed into civilian clothes. I wanted to know what the German Command in this provincial capital was intending, and whether contact might yet be made with Budapest. I succeeded in the first of these missions, and failed in the second.

Three of us walked into Novi Sad one evening. In peasant clothes I was Franz Dolinek, of Maribor. The other two had genuine papers. The next day I sat in a coffee-house among German officers. Convoys of motor transport thundered ceaselessly through the town. The air above us was loud with the roar of aircraft engines as JU 52 transports touched down to refuel on their way with wounded back to Germany. Everything I saw I noted and sent with a courier across the Danube to my wireless transmitter in the Fruska Gora.

The chances of reaching Budapest were nil. But I didn't care any longer; the main thing was that the Germans were on the run, and the war, at any rate in these parts, was nearly over. Back in the Fruska Gora, I found my old Partisan friend General Kosta in charge. Events had begun to move at a great speed. "Glad to see you again," Kosta said. "Bit different from last year, isn't it?"

We drank a glass of *rakiya* to the change. Kosta said: "The Russians are sending a plane to take me and my staff to Vershats, behind their front line. Do you want to come?"

And so it was, in those tremendous days, that Kosta and I and a few others flew across the lines to Vershats. And from Vershats we moved to Veliki Bechkerek, where we set up headquarters in unheard-of luxury. There was even a bathroom.

I Meet Tito Again

I lounged about for a few days, enjoying the pleasures of victory, and then took leave of Kosta and travelled down to Belgrade on an ancient train which the Partisans had managed to get going. In Belgrade we reported to Brigadier Fitzroy Maclean, the head of all our British missions in Jugoslavia, who came into the town with Tito a day later.

The next day the Partisan first corps held a victory parade which lasted for hours. I saw Tito again, but now the old informality was gone, and the marshal appeared on the saluting base as the head of a government and the commander of a victorious army. He wore a much-padded uniform and a great, shiny military cap which would have done credit to the most glorious of stationmasters.

And that evening, in a mansion above Belgrade, Marshal Tito gave a dinner to the generals of the Red Army and his own generals.

It was a very swank occasion. I found myself in the company of a dozen high-ranking Russian generals, who were exceedingly restrained and polite. It seemed to me, no doubt somewhat flushed by all this magnificence, that the world would now live at peace for ever after.

Clever people, after the event, try to say nowadays that they spotted something wrong between Tito and the Russians even in those early days. Personally, I didn't. As I sat among all those generals and watched them chatting together, and Marshal Tito laughing and exchanging jokes with his Russian liaison officer, General Koniev, they looked to me to be the best of friends.

Friends I'll Never Forget

With the taking of Belgrade the Partisan war in these parts was over, and Brigadier Maclean said that I should return to Italy. He was returning to Italy himself, and said that he would take me with him. Nearly eighteen months after first coming to Jugoslavia, a wiser and a wearier man, I stepped into a Russian Dakota and flew back to our base in Bari.

My Jugoslav adventures were done. But my memories of the Partisans in Jugoslavia will never be done. If I live to be a hundred I shall still remember Juritsa and Baba, Black George and Lala, Kolya and so many others, and the grim and glorious days we passed together.

NEXT WEEK: I meet dynamic Peter Mac. Hunting for trouble, we join the Italian Resistance

Selling the family an aeroplane

Anybody who can afford a car can run a second-hand plane, says the man who thinks flying is cheaper than motoring—and more fun

by ROBERT LANGLEY

RAILWAY PASSENGERS TRAVELLING between London and Brighton can see, as they speed past Gatwick Airport, the strangest private air force in Britain. Tiny Tiger Moths, Austers and Miles Magisters are rubbing wings with Halifaxes and Dakotas. They are all for sale, at prices ranging from £125 upwards. The main ambition of the young ex-R.A.F. fighter pilot who sells them is to convince the man in the street that it is cheaper to buy and run a second-hand family aeroplane than a car, and far more fun.

To all at the airport he is known as Hughie, an abbreviation that covers both his Christian and surnames, Hugh Hughes. As founder and boss of Aerocontacts, Limited, he claims to be able to supply everything a pilot or an aircraft manufacturer needs, from a four-engined transport to a nut and bolt.

If necessary, he will arrange to teach a customer how to fly, a procedure which he describes as "a piece of cake and far easier than learning to drive a car—no trouble about reversing."

Several customers have bought aircraft and learned to pilot them later. Recently a visitor nervously confessed that he would like to own a machine but did not know how to fly: was it very difficult? In a fifteen-second lecture embracing all the basic principles of the art, Hughes explained:

"You use your throttle to control speed, you ease your control column (joystick) back to go up and forward to come down, and you move your rudder-bar and joystick together to steer. When landing, you watch your airspeed indicator so that you don't stall—and that's all there is to it."

Direction-finding presents few problems. Hundreds of landmarks are as familiar to the airman as to the motorist. The story is told of a pilot making for an aerodrome in Surrey, who was over France when the weather closed down. He wave-hopped across the Channel to Lympne, picked up the railway line at Ashford, and followed it all the way up to Redhill, occasionally coming low enough to read the station names.

"Too many people think a man must be in the near-millionaire class to own even a light aeroplane," Hughes says. "That's nonsense. Anyone who can afford a car can afford to have a plane. A second-hand three- or four-seater family plane is often cheaper to buy than a good second-hand car, and total running costs, including hangar rent, petrol, landing fees, maintenance and overhauls, won't be more than about £4 a week."

Off in a Fairchild Argus to buy more planes, Hughes says goodbye to his family

Thirteen Gallons To Glasgow

Hughes's own introduction to flying cost sixpence, the pocket money he paid every Sunday as a schoolboy to get into the public enclosure at Croydon after walking three miles from home. Later he took flying lessons, and as a prewar member of the R.A.F.V.R. had all the flying he wanted free.

As a civilian, he has discovered that three people can fly from London to Glasgow in three hours at a cost of £2 6s. for petrol (13 gallons), about the same as a car. It is cheaper still to fly to the Continent, for there is a rebate on the cost of fuel. Major expense items in running a light family plane are hangar rent (about 7s. 6d. a week), landing fees (2s. 5d. up to 10s. but they can be covered by a yearly ticket costing five guineas), a periodic servicing check (£15 to £50 a year) and a compulsory engine overhaul (about £150) after 1,200 to 1,500 hours' flying.

It is a common occurrence for Hughes or a member of his staff to leave the office in the morning, conduct a deal anywhere from Ireland or Scotland to the hinterland of Europe, and be back at night. Only once has there been a major hitch. Hughes bought a plane that was parked on an airfield in Scotland. The pilot who went to collect it found that the glue on the wings had melted and that the machine was unflyable. That meant sending six of his storemen to dismantle it and bring it back on a lorry, for the parts to be reconditioned and sold as spares.

From a modest start, Hughie's organization can now supply aircraft factories with any

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Dolly is shantyland's Betty Grable

by ALASTAIR SCOBIE

Amazing Africa

Dolly Rathebe had to sing to be happy. At first she sang and jived with the zoot-suited "skolly boys" in the tin-roofed dance halls of Jo'burg's shantyland. Now, she is Africa's first movie star. Alastair Scobie, in his brilliant series on the people of Africa, tells the story of the dark-skinned beauty and her jealous rivals

IT WAS ALMOST the perfect Cinderella story. The audition had been going on for hours, and there was still an ever-growing queue of girls to be heard. In the dark hall, the producer, a small, dynamic man with a neat moustache, made notes as each girl climbed on to the rickety stage and sang. So many girls to see—and only one could be lucky.

Then a neat little person in a brown, cheap suit and a white head scarf came nervously on to the platform. The pianist yawned and lit another cigarette. "What'll it be?"

"I'd like to sing 'St. Louis Blues,'" said the girl in careful, precise English. Five minutes later she was chanting a folksong, accompanied by a woolly haired African with a guitar.

"Well, we don't have to look any farther," said the producer, relieved. "This is it." A star was on the way to being born.

Although she may soon be seen on the British screen, the name of Dolly Rathebe means nothing to Britain. In Johannesburg it is different. Not in the white Johannesburg of the skyscrapers and the beautiful shops, but in the Johannesburg of shanties and tarpaper shacks, where the Africans live in the shadow of the golden mine dumps, Dolly Rathebe is Somebody—the African equivalent of Jane Russell or Betty Grable. Dolly's picture already advertises breakfast foods and skin creams in the African magazines, and letters to the editor often start: "My girl's no Dolly Rathebe, but. . . ." And the girls of the town are already copying her new hair-style.

Dolly is an African of the Basuto people. She hardly remembers her homeland—the mountainous, treeless country where the proud warriors still cling to their famous coloured blankets and conical straw hats. Educated in a mission school in Johannesburg, Dolly became a singer because it is deep in the soul of her people to sing, because she loved singing and had to sing to be happy. She sang and jived in the tin-roofed dance halls where the men wear their zoot suits and keep their wide-brimmed Harlem-style hats on even when dancing, because they still don't trust cloakrooms. She is a typical product of modern Johannesburg.

Movies For Film-crazy Natives

Producer Donald Swanson, who discovered Dolly, went to Africa first to direct films for the J. Arthur Rank Organization. He liked it so much that, when his contract with Rank was up, he sent for his wife and settled in Johannesburg, with the vision of making films with all-African casts, to show to Africans. It seemed easy.

"Africans are film-crazy," he says. "They love pictures, especially musical pictures, and I noticed how—naturally enough—they loved pictures showing American Negroes. So I went round native cinemas, studying the reactions of audiences, and making sure that there would be a market for my products."

Night after night he sat in the crowded little halls where the seats were occupied by Africans in every stage of development, from raw natives in blankets, their hair smeared with ochre and their distended ear lobes holding wooden plugs, to slick "skolly boys"—the Johannesburg phrase for spivs—in lavender-coloured zoot suits and yellow suede shoes.

Convinced at last that he had something, Swanson put the idea up to the financiers—and the financiers shook their heads and said, briefly, "No."

Siren Who Plucked A Bumpkin

At last he formed a syndicate with other film technicians, and they sunk what money they had in making a film for Africans called *Jim Comes to Jo'burg*. It had for its theme the familiar story—to an African—of the "boy" from the kraal who arrives in the Big City to find fame and fortune, makes some money and discovers just how easy it is to lose hard-earned cash in any big city. There was a siren ready to help to relieve him of his cash; for the part, after hearing hundreds of singers, Swanson picked Dolly Rathebe.

When the film was finished, and was being distributed around the native cinemas, Swanson looked for another story. But there was no more money in the bank and, until the first film started to earn, no income. So for a time all such schemes had to be shelved. But *Jim* was successful with native audiences all over South Africa, and slowly the idea sank into the heads of the financiers that here was a safe investment. Swanson was working as an advertising copywriter when he was called on to form a new production company. He threw up his job the same day, and once more Dolly was chosen for the part.

It looked like plain sailing. Then a bombshell—or, more accurately, a knife—held up Swanson's plans. Dolly, round whom the new film was written, was stabbed by a jealous rival who had herself wanted the part. Production was postponed while she recovered.

"I went to see her in hospital," Swanson remembers, "and she turned her face to the pillow and said, 'I am sorry, master.' As if she had asked to be stabbed! Incidentally, Dolly was the first film star ever to call me 'master.'"

She Was Once A Servant Girl

On the screen, Dolly is a self-assured, composed performer. She sings like a veteran of the Hollywood studios, and acts most of her fellow performers off the set. So different is she in real life that it is difficult to believe she can be the same person as the assured screen vamp.

Dolly at home is a demure youngster in simple clothes who has never forgotten she was once a servant girl in a European household, and who has a tendency to giggle at her new-found fame. Her English, so good on the screen when learned for a part, tends to disintegrate under the strain of Press interviews.

It is on record that, when asked her normal profession by a reporter, Dolly giggled helplessly and replied: "I'm just a native loafer!"—a term applied in Johannesburg to the

A N'debele film fan (centre) meets Dolly Rathebe and Tommy Ramogopa, the headmaster film star

On the screen, Dolly Rathebe acts like a Hollywood veteran. In real life she is a demure youngster with a tendency to giggle

Africans who crowd the townships and have no visible employment.

Halfway through the new film, with Dolly acting like an old hand at this strange profession she had so suddenly taken up, there was another setback. This time Dolly was shot in the leg.

To understand this aura of violence surrounding Dolly Rathebe's private life, it is necessary to know something of the Johannesburg shanty-towns, the teeming life of which had, incidentally, provided Swanson with his second story.

Johannesburg is like a magnet to those Africans who want to get away from the tribal life of their native villages. They call it "Gautieng"—the golden city. A thousand African men arrive in Jo'burg every day to work in the goldmines, and every day a thousand leave, their contracts expired. These mineworkers live in conditions better than they have ever known in the villages, and they go home boasting of the good times they have had, with their bright tin boxes packed with gifts for the girls.

In at least one native tribe, a spell in the mines has replaced the old tribal initiation ceremonies, and no woman will look twice at a man who has not worked in the mines. "Go and dig the white man's gold," the girls tell their suitors. "Then talk to me of marriage. Until you have dug the gold you are not a man!" So every lad longs for the day when he will face the medical officer and the labour recruiter, shoulder his pack and head for Johannesburg and—to him—wealth.

The "Lost Ones" Of Jo'burg

But thousands are turned down by the doctor. Mining is hard work at the great depths of the Rand reef, and medical requirements are strict. But there are other jobs in the Golden City. The rejected go to Johannesburg to take their chance. Thousands go, with their women and sometimes their cattle and donkeys. The mine boys, in their relatively comfortable compounds, refer to these brothers contemptuously as "the lost ones."

And lost they are. Lost to the old tribal discipline, lost to the old ways of life. They have no houses, no money, no hope of jobs, most of them, and they present the authorities with a terrible problem. The laws of Johannesburg are strict in the extreme, there is a curfew for Africans, and the "pick-up wagon" races round picking up natives who are on the street without a pass. This harshness, claimed by the authorities as necessary to protect the white population—and Johannesburg's crime figures are almost unbelievable—breeds violence. The Golden City has a murder a day, and the rate is rising.

In fact, the problem is too great for the authorities to handle. Crime takes many forms—not only killing for money and over women—and witchcraft murders and inter-tribal feuds are common.

All the tribes of Africa are packed into mud and tarpaper shanties — Zulus and N'suto, Pondos and Swazis and Fingos and Xosa, N'debele and Shangaans and a host of others. They fight among themselves, and the innocent sometimes get hurt.

All of which is necessary to understand how Dolly Rathebe got shot. Naïvely, she explains it thus: "A gentleman was shooting at his friend, but perhaps he was not very good with the revolver. I had gone to a dance hall with a

A scene from *The Magic Garden*, Dolly's second African picture. The story is a simple fable

lady friend, and me and this lady both got shot up a little." Fortunately, Dolly seems to bear a charmed life, and the wound soon healed, allowing her to dance in the film.

It was the bright kaleidoscope of life in one of these townships, the Alexandra Township, housing some fifty thousand Africans, that inspired the scriptwriter of the film Dolly is appearing in at present, *The Magic Garden*. The story is a simple little fable. An old man goes to his priest for guidance. He is near death, he feels, and his life savings, £40, must go to some worthy cause. Priest and would-be benefactor kneel to pray for guidance. While they pray, a thief steals the money. But somehow even the thief cannot use the money for a bad purpose. He has to hide it, and it is found by a poor widow, who thinks that its appearance in her melon patch is magical. The money goes from hand to hand, doing good as it goes, until it returns, whole, to the priest.

A Star Turn For Nothing

Faced with finding enough actors for such a story, Swanson was at first despondent, but, almost like the magic money, they came from the Township itself. There was the little crippled boy who was playing his tin whistle in a cinema queue. . . . "He played it like Benny Goodman with a silver clarinet," Swanson says, "and I just had to have him for the picture. Difficulty was, he was suspicious. Who would pay him for just playing a whistle? He'd always played for nothing."

Then there were the four Zulu porters who hung around a street corner every Sunday strumming on their guitars, and singing in imitation of the Mills Brothers. They came easily—once their employers had guaranteed they could have their jobs back after the film was finished.

There was the old washerwoman who spoke perfect English; the cobbler and the errand boy, the cynical taxi-driver and the tough spiv with a glorious voice. Only one part was really difficult to cast. This was the central part, the thief who steals the money. He had to be a comedian, speak good English, sing and dance well, and, besides being able to act, have a personality that made the thief a nice comedy thief, not a double-dyed villain whom audiences would hate. Hundreds were seen for the part.

Then Swanson heard a highly respectable gentleman singing in a church choir. The beautiful bass voice went with a fine body and an engagingly mischievous face. Yes, he could act. Dance? He was an expert dancer. Play? He played the piano, read music, and had, in fact, composed some excellent dance numbers for the Township bands to play. There was a big snag. Tommy Ramogopa was headmaster at a large native school and he did not feel that playing the part of a thief would help him to keep his dignity. He explained: "My people are simple people, Mr. Swanson. They take films literally. If they see me steal on the screen, they will expect me to steal in real life. I'd be afraid to play such a part."

It seemed that nothing would convince him. Tommy, an authority on African tribal history, Shakespeare and modern music, classical and otherwise, agreed to write songs for the film, but no more. Only when his own pupils begged him to "have your picture taken for the bioscope" did Tommy relent; his performance in the film is magnificent. A sort of wistful, copper-skinned Mischa Auer, he is one thief no one could be very angry with, and his buffoonery brings down the house.

The very success of his search for talent in unlikely places faced Swanson with a further problem. He had taken humble people from their normal work. True, he made sure they would not lose their normal jobs by acting, but they were impressionable, highly strung and nervous, and it is difficult to go back to pushing a truck or washing dishes when once you have appeared before a motion picture camera. The producer felt he must secure some continuity of employment for his stars.

Other films are being planned; some of his actors secured parts in Alexander Korda's *Cry the Beloved Country*, and other companies have now completed films for this new market in Africa as well as for European release. Swanson himself is now planning further productions in which Dolly and Tommy will act.

Cheque For Penny Whistle Boy

Besides all this film activity, gramophone companies are eagerly signing up the singers to record for them. "More trouble," Swanson says, "for some of them didn't understand what was meant by an 'exclusive contract,' and went round happily from one recording company to another signing agreements to record only for each one. When things were explained, they were hurt, and saw it as a scheme to stop them earning money from the other companies. That took quite a bit of sorting out."

However, it seems there is a prospect of employment in films and entertainment for these new stars; it was a proud day for the lad with the penny whistle when he received his cheque for his "composition," the ad lib rendering of his "Penny Whistle Blues" that forms the backbone of the incidental music in *The Magic Garden*.

Dolly Rathebe is in constant demand for recording and small parts in films, for advertising and personal appearances at the little tin-roofed halls where her film is being shown. Tommy Ramogopa leaves the correction of his pupils' exercises from time to time to write another hot number and record with the Zulu boys.

And what does white Johannesburg think of all this?

It is perhaps most significant that in the Golden City, better known for its colour bar laws and crime scares than for any appreciation of African talents, the first film with an all-native cast broke records at a European cinema. As America's Negro entertainers were in the forefront of breaking down the great colour prejudice in that country, perhaps the Dollys and the Tommys will do a like service for their people in the Union. They entertain and amuse—they may do more. They may act as ambassadors of their people in a white man's world more successfully than all the agitators. THE END

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FESTIVAL AT FARBRIDGE

The Commodore was really worried. The Festival was here—and Farbridge was not responding. Was it all to be a flop? **by J. B. PRIESTLEY**

People in the story . . .

COMMODORE TRIBE: an oldish, adventurous man who, after weeks of attack, has forced Farbridge Council to have a Festival; now the official organizer.

LAURA CASEY: secretary; the Commodore's chief assistant now that Theodore Jenks—with whom she is in love—has left, after a tiff.

MICHAEL SEACOMBE: a local journalist handling publicity for the Festival; in love with Laura, he was persuaded by the Commodore to rush her into an engagement. Now, knowing Laura still cares for Theodore, he regrets it.

THE FESTIVAL COMMITTEE: Mrs. Coote, chairman of the Education Committee; Joe Gisburn, Labour councillor; Huntley, Chief Education Officer; Helen Weeks, an intelligent, rather intense young woman; Captain Mobbs, ex-Conservative agent, now social organizer of the Festival; Mr. Jordan, eccentric, retired proprietor of Jordan's Stores.

"Give me time to work out something juicy," said Smith. "No amachure interference, chum"

ON THE TABLE IN Commodore Tribe's office was a rather curtly worded message from Meare, the Town Clerk, asking that a daily report of the Festival, giving details of attendances, takings, expenditure, should be sent to him.

The Commodore summoned Laura.

"I don't like this," he told her. "Apart from the extra work, I don't like the smell of it."

"Shall I do it—or will you?" she asked.

"I'll do it—or at least I'll dictate a rough draft, giving 'em the general picture, and then you can fill in the figures. Take this down, please, my dear. The Festival made an excellent start, following the civic lunch. In spite of some initial difficulties about seating arrangements, the library lecture by Rufus Grope was well attended and successfully delivered. The sale of tickets amounted to—whatever it was. The Mossat Company opened to—whatever it was—and the theatre could have taken more money if a number of tickets had not been given away. There was great enthusiasm at the end of the play. The advance bookings are——"

"I can get those," said Laura, "but I'm afraid they're rather disappointing so far."

"We won't mention that." He continued dictating. "The attendance at Mayton Park, both of dancers and spectators, was somewhat below what we expected, and the café-buffet did very little business; but undoubtedly this is chiefly due to the fact that the younger people rarely go out and spend money very early in the week. At the same time, as we are spending a good deal of money on this dancing, we ought to ask ourselves whether it would not be wise to spend more on publicity for this particular attraction. A more detailed report on our Mayton Park activities will be included in our next general report. The advance sale of tickets for all activities——" He broke off. "Well, you can fill that in later. All right?"

"Yes, I suppose so," said Laura.

Mobbs and Michael Seacombe came up and the four of them settled down to their daily conference, which was not very cheerful.

"The trouble with this Festival," said Laura severely, "is that all you chaps drink too much, we haven't any money, too many important people are against us, and the public, so far, isn't sufficiently interested. Otherwise, it's grand."

"Well," and the Commodore paused a moment, "anything else?"

"Yes," said Laura. "I had to look in at the bank this morning and, although nobody said anything, I couldn't help feeling that the atmosphere there was rather chilly. And I'm sure that manager doesn't like us, that secretly he's one of the enemy." Her eyes had become very bright. "Nice, isn't it, when we may need their help at any moment?"

"Now, Laura," the Commodore began.

"Oh, don't start that," she cried angrily, shaking her head as her eyes filled with tears. Then she ran out of the room.

"Let's face it," said Michael softly. "I'm making that girl about as happy as a stiff dose of 'flu. I thought your scheme of announcing our engagement, Commodore, was all wrong when you first mentioned it on Sunday night, and now I know it was a real stinker." He walked out.

"On the whole," said the Commodore reflectively, "I like young Seacombe, but there are moments—and they seem to be on the increase—when I should like to kick his backside."

EVER since that horrible Sunday when they had the first meeting and the Commodore had announced that Theodore had gone off, Laura had hated Festival Committee meetings, and always felt at her worst at them. On Thursday afternoon, looking round the table in the Commodore's room, she told herself that this would probably be a particularly disagreeable meeting. The atmosphere, already heavy with disappointment, would be all wrong, and tempers—including her own—might easily be lost. They were all there—Mrs. Coote, Helen Weeks, Mr. Huntley, Councillor Gisburn, the Commodore, Captain Mobbs—except old Mr. Jordan, for whom they had waited a quarter of an hour.

"Well," said the Commodore, rather wearily, "we'd better begin without Jordan. It's annoying because, frankly, I'd rather counted on his advice this afternoon. Perhaps he's losing interest in us."

"He could be," said Gisburn, who did not sound as loud and genial as he generally did, "I

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN PIMLOTT

propose Mrs. Coote acts as chairman and we make a start."

"Capital," murmured Mr. Huntley, closing his eyes.

"Very well," said Mrs. Coote, briskly. "Now tell us what's happening, Commodore. But first I think I ought to tell you that Councillor Gisburn and I don't feel very happy about the way things are going."

"That's right," said Gisburn, putting on a rather obstinate look, for which Laura felt like slapping him.

"I'm not wildly happy either," said the Commodore, with a rather pathetic little smile that made Laura long to comfort the old scoundrel. "We've done our best here, but we can't work miracles. However, we can talk about that later. The position isn't as bad as I thought it was two days ago, but it isn't very grand. Miss Casey can give you the figures, if you want them, when I've spoken my little piece. The theatre's been disappointing so far, I must confess, and unless it improves enormously we can lose money on our guarantee to the Mossat company. Sorry, but there it is."

"Who fixed that lot?" Gisburn demanded.

"Actually it was young Jenks, just before he left us," said the Commodore. "But of course I accept full responsibility. It seemed an excellent chance—and the only one in sight—to bring a really good company here."

But he sounded too apologetic for Laura. "And so it was," she cried hastily. "I don't believe we've anything to be sorry about." And then, as several of them looked rather hard at her, she felt her cheeks burning. Defending Theodore now, was she?

"Maybe," said Gisburn. "But you can't blame people for not liking that play. I couldn't make any sense out of it, and neither could the wife, who's very fond of plays."

"Well," Laura began hotly, but was checked by the Commodore.

"They're playing *The Rivals* tonight," he said, "and *Twelfth Night* opens on Monday. And they've been considered good plays for quite some time now. I've still hopes of the Palace venture being a success. Our real failure so far has been the dancing in Mayton Park. The attendance on Monday was disappointing. Tuesday was a complete washout—heavy rain. Last night wasn't much better than Monday. And of course that means that the buffet's running at a bad loss." He hesitated.

GOLLY, thought Laura, this sounds dismal, and the poor Commodore's behaving as if a spring were broken somewhere inside him, as if he were only just another weary, oldish man.

"Supposed to be a good band, too," said Gisburn. "But I paid 'em a short visit last night, with the wife, and we both thought they all seemed down in the mouth."

"We can't call the band off, I suppose?" said Mrs. Coote. "They have a contract."

"Yes, and don't forget we spent a lot of money up there, staging the dancing and putting up the café-buffet place." The Commodore hesitated again. "As a matter of fact, Johnny Jolly, the band leader, and his wife have been so depressed about the whole thing—and I'm hanged if I can blame 'em—that they were quite anxious to call it off, but I refused to let them go."

Mrs. Coote frowned at him, though not unpleasantly. "Do you think that was wise in the circumstances?"

"Exactly what I was wondering, Madam Chairman," Huntley murmured.

"Same here," said Gisburn.

"Yes," said the Commodore shortly.

"That's not telling us much," said Gisburn, clearly annoyed. "Why was it?"

"Because, as I told you, we've already spent a lot of money in that confounded Park." The Commodore spoke sharply, and came to life now, much to Laura's relief. "Because on Saturday we have a big gala and fête up there, which have already cost us a good deal, and we must have a band. Also. there's the grand ball tomorrow week. Now look here." He sent a defiant glance round the table. "I thought we all agreed from the first that this Festival must be done as well as it could be done in a place this size, that if it meant taking risks—and obviously it did—then we must take those risks. And so I've taken them, and am still taking them."

"And I absolutely agree," cried Laura with some heat, although she suspected that the Commodore had gambled far more wildly than he should have done, and indeed she had warned him over and over again. "If people won't respond properly, that's not our fault."

"And I agree, too," said Helen Weeks. "That was the policy of this Committee, and we can't turn round now and blame the organizers. What about the Fettercairn orchestral concerts? How are the bookings for them?" She looked at Laura.

"Not very good so far, I'm afraid," said Laura. "Perhaps we've been wrong about Farbridge people. Perhaps the Tanheads and

"Don't get logical with me"

Mulefords and Coveracks and the local paper were right all the time."

"I won't accept that," said Mrs. Coote rather sharply. "Just remember this Festival was rather rushed, and people weren't given much time to think about it. And then again, perhaps you—we—haven't done enough to make them excited about it."

"Just what I've been thinking," said Gisburn promptly.

The Commodore emptied his pipe into the ashtray with unnecessary vigour. "First it's suggested we've been taking too many risks. And now, I gather, we may not have taken enough."

"No, no, Commodore, that's not fair," cried Mrs. Coote, but more in anger than in sorrow, with a dangerous sparkle in her eye.

Now we're off, Laura told herself, and wondered whether to jump in and create a diversion.

"What is it then that we haven't done that we ought to have done?" demanded the Commodore.

"If you ask me—nothing," said Mobbs stoutly.

"And I'll confess that I don't know," said Mrs. Coote.

"You thought you could do it properly in the time," said Gisburn, his obstinate look back again, "and we find you couldn't."

"Or we imagined people were alive here," Laura flashed at him, "and we were wrong."

"And if that's all you've got to say, Miss Casey," said Gisburn, really annoyed now, "you might as well keep quiet."

"Which, incidentally," said Mrs. Coote with a smile that did not take out all the sting, "is what you're supposed to do, Laura, unless asked to speak."

Hot-eyed in her humiliation, Laura half-rose from her chair. But the Commodore waved her down, and took charge of the situation.

"Madam Chairman," he said with grave formality, "please allow me to take this opportunity of saying that so far as it can be assumed that a Farbridge Festival exists, most of the credit belongs to Miss Casey, who has worked so hard and spared herself so little that she might be forgiven a spark or two of temper, particularly when the rest of us are far from being calm and reasonable." He looked round, gave them a grin. "But—here's Mr. Jordan—at last."

"Sorry I'm late," said the old gentleman in his brisk staccato manner. "Meeting doesn't look too happy either. Tempers, eh? I know—disappointed. Feel it in the air." He did not accept the chair that Mobbs was offering him. "Been detained on Festival business, though. Decided you needed help. Um—um?" He gave them a beaky, inquiring look. "Quite so. Do it in my own way, though. Old shopkeeper, you know. Fifty years of it. Artful. Know the public. Thanks, Captain Mobbs. Sit down a minute while I give you a short lecture. Don't interrupt, please. My turn."

He sat down, buried his sharp nose in an enormous red-and-yellow handkerchief and blew vigorously, and then chuckled a bit. Whatever he chose to do or say now, Laura felt grateful to him, for he had changed the atmosphere of the meeting.

"We live in an internal-combustion-engine world," he began. "Engine hard to start, won't move at first. Then once it starts, it'll go faster and faster. People like that now. Internal-combustion jackasses. So what have I done? Spent this morning for once in my store. Closed this afternoon. Arranged for a lot of young people to buy tickets. One ticket at a time, then back in queue. Priming pump. Start demand. Big queue—must join it, that's how they think now. Not only that. Had to make arrangements this end. Artificially cut down supply. Further bookings refused for this evening or that. Large notices saying *Sold Out*. Both ladies downstairs to be haughty and difficult. Every ticket now a favour. Had them told at theatre, Corn Exchange, everywhere. Now come and have a look."

THEY all crowded into the bay window with him. There was a queue, three or four deep, extending fifty yards down High Street. Old Jordan chortled at their astonishment. "Some of 'em my people, of course. Going round and round. But already most of 'em genuine customers. All cylinders firing. Success succeeding."

"Mr. Jordan," cried Laura. "You're heaven."

"Nonsense. Now then." They did not sit down again but stood about listening eagerly to him. "First thing. At five o'clock sharp we sell no more tickets but bolt the door in their faces. No matter if the queue's half a mile long."

"Oh, but surely," Mrs. Coote began; but he cut her short.

"No, Mrs. Coote, we do it my way. All those people who are turned away will come back. Bring others with 'em. Last chance. Tickets by hook or crook. You'll see. Second thing. Mayton Park. It'll be fine tonight. Crowd from Jordan's going. Hookwood and Group Captain Trevone sending in their employees in special buses. Seth Hull's sending a lot of young men. All arranged. And at a certain time we turn away all newcomers. No, no, too late, too late! Leave it to me. Artful old man. Now run away, all of you. Off you go."

Laura told her father all about it later that afternoon, when they were having tea at the White Hart.

"I don't know whether heavenly old Jordan has saved the Festival—though there was an enormous queue when I left—but he certainly saved our meeting, where we were all losing our tempers. Though the Commodore was angelic about me, when I was suddenly ticked off for talking at all. But the last two or three days do seem to have got him down rather, as if he'd lost nearly all his bounce and cheerful impudence."

"He's not young, you know," said her father. "And we lose our resilience. Like old india-rubber."

"I have an idea," she went on slowly, "that

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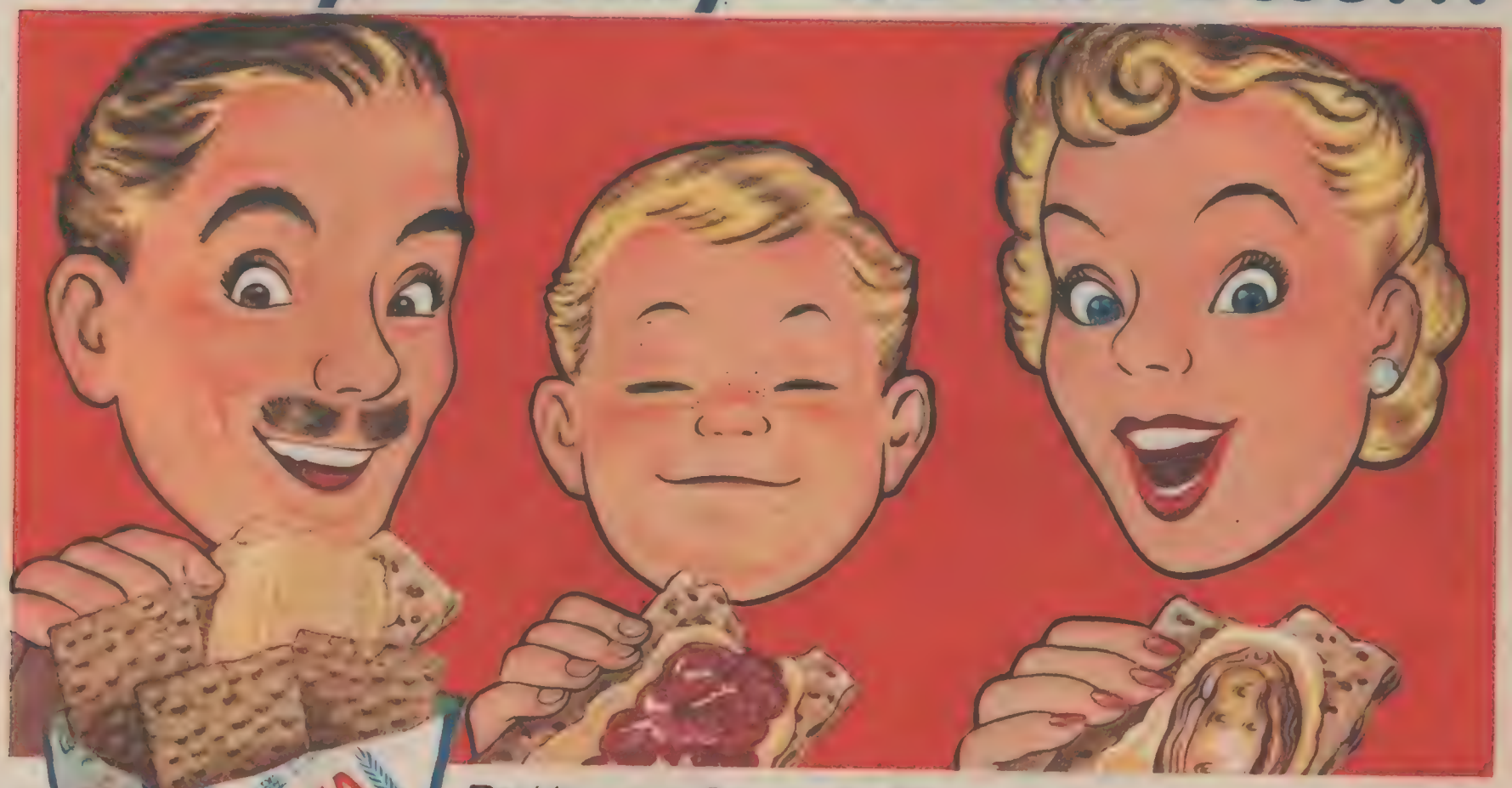

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he's spent—or committed us to spend—even more than he'll admit. But on what, I can't imagine."

"Is there anything he's handled entirely by himself?"

"I can't think of anything." She stared into her cup for a moment or two. "Except fireworks. He did the fireworks entirely by himself. I never even saw the man they sent. Dad, it couldn't be fireworks, could it?" She was very solemn.

Her father roared with laughter. "I'll bet it is. I know it would be with me. Of course—fireworks. What a glorious opportunity! Look—Laura—isn't he sitting over there with Miss Hookwood and that other older woman? Catch his eye, my dear, and bring him here. Fireworks!" And he began laughing again.

But when the Commodore joined them, Mr. Casey looked quite serious. "Commodore," he said gravely, "there's a question Laura and I would like to put to you, if you don't mind. You don't? Good!" He leaned forward and whispered: "How much have you spent on fireworks?"

The Commodore adopted the same confidential manner. "I don't quite know the figure yet," he muttered, carefully not looking at Laura, "but a devil of a lot. In fact, far too much. They sent a most persuasive fellow with a wonderful catalogue, and I'm afraid I let myself go."

"Well, really!" cried Laura, vexed.

"Dozens and dozens of everything?" said her father. "Rockets? Huge catherine wheels? Giant Roman candles?"

"Yes, of course," said the Commodore. "But that's just the beginning. I've got things you've never heard of, my dear fellow—colossal things."

"I envy you, Commodore, I envy you."

"But you'll be there on Saturday night?"

"I couldn't be stopped."

And then both of them were roaring with laughter, so that people were staring at them.

"It's not funny," said Laura severely, "and you're like a pair of idiotic schoolboys. And don't you realize we may be ruined by this firework silliness?"

"Of course I do," said the Commodore. "But I just couldn't resist it."

"And it's just what I'd have done," cried Laura's father.

And off they went again, two sixty-year-olds rocking and roaring over their wretched fireworks, and now Laura had to laugh, too, though she still protested as she laughed.

* * *

The Commodore strolled into his office at the Festival Centre, on Friday morning, humming "Tell Me Pretty Maiden." There he found Mobbs waiting for him. "Notice the people down below?" the Commodore said cheerfully. "Queue already. Old Jordan was quite right. Notice the weather—pure gold. My boy, our troubles are over. From now on, we enjoy ourselves. Ah—what's this?" He was going through the letters. "Mr. Watchbold would like to have a word with me at the bank. That, perhaps, isn't so good. Nevertheless, this morning I feel I could cope with a dozen Watchbolds. You'd better come with me, Archie."

After a little delay they were admitted into the presence of Mr. Watchbold. The bank manager was a fat, pasty-faced man with a moustache that looked false and a hearty, genial manner that certainly was false. "Sorry to have dragged you here," he cried, laughing merrily. "I know you're a busy man these days, Commodore. But then we're all busy men, aren't we? Ha ha ha!"

"Ha ha ha!" went the Commodore and Mobbs, though they had not quite the trick of it.

"Just a little formality really," Mr. Watchbold continued, almost bursting with merriment. "But I thought you'd want to know that your account is drawn as far as we can go, so that unless you make a further and substantial payment into the account, we can't undertake to meet any drafts upon it—um? Ha ha ha!"

"Ha ha ha!" the other two tried, but without gusto.

"And so, gentlemen," Mr. Watchbold went on, as if he were running a game at a children's party, "please don't write any large cheques until you've let us have five hundred or so—or shall we say a thousand, just to be on the safe side—um?—ha ha ha! And that's all, I think. Festival going well?"

"Terrific, old boy," said Mobbs.

"A gigantic success," cried the Commodore. "Ha ha ha!"

"Capital, capital!" said Mr. Watchbold, holding out a hand that looked rather like a large helping of boiled apple pudding. "Then it's simply a matter of being a little brisker on your financial side—um?"

"That's all it is," said the Commodore. "The money's there, of course. Ha ha ha!"

"Of course, of course. Ha ha ha! Well, good morning, gentlemen, *good* morning."

"Ten to one," said Mobbs as soon as they were outside, "he's been got at. He's very thick with Whatmore and Crandry."

"Just a big merry rat, no doubt," said the Commodore, rather dreamily. "But his ultimatum doesn't worry me. We can get along nicely until Monday, by which time we shall have plenty of money to pay in. Let's forget him."

Not long after they were back in the Commodore's office, a Mr. Atcham, from the company that was supplying the fireworks, was announced. He was quite different from the genial and enthusiastic salesman who had conjured such a magnificent order from the Commodore. Mr. Atcham was a small clerkly sort of man, who had one real and very busy little eye, and a

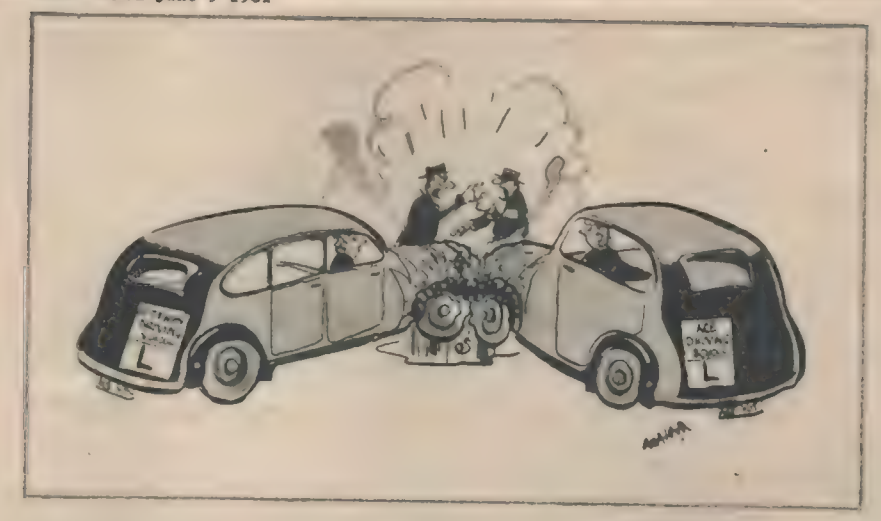
THE HUMAN MACHINE

Seeing it through

When you tackle a problem, you must first *see* it: and that means facing facts squarely, however unpleasant. Then you must see *into* it, making sure you really understand the point. Lastly, you must see *through* it, towards some solution—not always easy, since it means decisions and the courage to stick to them.

It's those last six words that really matter.

by ROFFE THOMPSON



glass eye that was fixed in a perpetual blue glare of indignation. The effect was disturbing, rather sinister. It was as if the busy little real eye was for ever reporting, unfavourably, too, to the indignant glass eye. The Commodore guessed at once that no good would come of this interview. However, he assumed a confident, jovial air.

"Well, Mr. Atcham, I hope you've come to tell me that your people are now making their preparations here for a magnificent display tomorrow night."

"I have, Commodore Tribe," said Mr. Atcham very carefully and with a tiny smile. "And one of our best men is in charge. I need hardly add that we've given your order our very best attention."

"Splendid, splendid," cried the Commodore, looking at the glass eye and then hastily switching to the other. "We're having a very successful Festival, but I believe the fireworks will be my favourite item in our programme."

"The same here, old boy," said Mobbs. "Always been fond of a good firework display."

"You will not be disappointed," Mr. Atcham assured him gravely.

So far, so good. The Commodore, shrinking a little from Mr. Atcham's blue glare, began to look like a busy man, poking his letters about. This move was not lost on the little busy eye.

"I have the bill here," said Mr. Atcham, producing a formidable document, "and it includes everything except a few minor expenses, which can be settled later."

"Yes, well, of course we'll settle the whole thing shortly," said the Commodore, accepting the bill with a fine careless air, not even glancing at it.

"I should like your cheque in settlement today if possible," Mr. Atcham continued, as if the Commodore had not spoken. "But if that's not convenient——"

"And I'm afraid it isn't." The Commodore cut in like lightning.

"Then I must have it in the morning in time to clear it before the bank closes," Mr. Atcham went on. "Saturday hours, of course."

The Commodore stared at him rather haughtily. "I'm afraid I don't understand. This isn't a private transaction, you know, Mr. Atcham. Your fireworks have been bought by the Farbridge Festival Committee."

"I'm quite aware of that, sir. And no offence intended, naturally. But we have a very strict rule that our accounts must be settled and customers' cheques cleared before the display. Fireworks aren't like most other goods. Once they've been let off, we can't take them back. So we have this rule. A mere matter of form so far as a civic concern like yours is concerned——"

"Oh—quite—quite," cried the Commodore carelessly.

"Quite," said Mobbs, who liked to make some contribution.

"But do you mean to tell me," said the Commodore, avoiding that fixed indignant glare, "that if by any chance you hadn't cleared our cheque by tomorrow noon, there'd be no display tomorrow night?"

"That is our rule, Mr.—er—Commodore Tribe."

"Laughable," said the Commodore. "Don't you think so, Captain Mobbs?"

"I go one better, old—er—Commodore," said Mobbs. "It's potty."

Mr. Atcham made no reply to this but simply kept the sinister eye effect working hard.

"Still, there it is," said the Commodore, waving a hand. "Now then, Captain Mobbs, what about Miss Casey?"

"Not here, and may be away all day."

THE Commodore looked at Mr. Atcham's busy eye. "What a nuisance! Miss Casey is my chief assistant and looks after finance. I *could* give you a cheque, of course, but the way we do things here it might lead to a dreadful muddle, and my Committee might be annoyed. That's the situation."

"I'm sorry to cause you any inconvenience," said Mr. Atcham, rising. "But I must assure you, sir, that I can't possibly break our rule. Which is—no payment, no firework display. I'll call again this afternoon." And he seemed to walk out rather like a cat.

"Bit of a teaser, old boy, isn't it?" said Mobbs.

"A teaser? My dear chap, it's a thunderbolt. This bill is for about eight hundred pounds, and unless it's paid by noon tomorrow there'll be no fireworks at the Gala—except for us."

"My godfathers! But did you say eight hundred——"

"Never mind about that. I thought I'd do the thing well. And the damnable irony of the whole business is that we'll probably have a whale of a crowd there tomorrow night, and money to burn, but no fireworks to burn. Now, Archie, think—think hard."

"I am thinking hard, old boy. But eight——"

"Stop that. Be bold, creative, ingenious. Don't let's waste time and energy on mere negative emotions." And then the Commodore let out a howl of dismay. "I've just remembered. Old Jordan's gone away until tomorrow night, Grace has gone off for the day again, though whether she really has a lot of money or is just romancing is an

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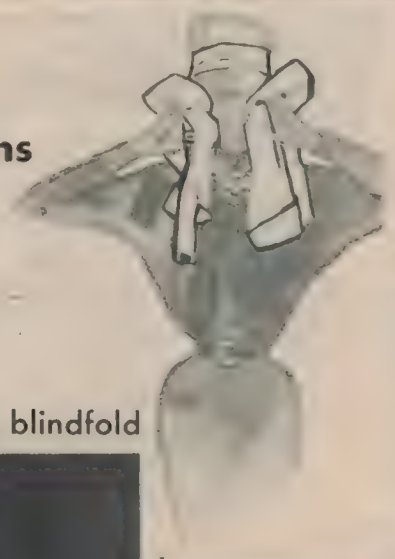

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Frosty white, buttoned to the throat, has a way of making flower prints look hot by comparison. This tailored blouse in rayon crêpe suzette is accented with guipure lace; lovely to look at, delightful to wear, and easy to wash, in Lux. Lux leaves rayons feeling really *soft and lovely.*

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"Please, sir, the patrol has located a bull"

open question. Now who else has any money?"

"Young Jenks. But he's away until late this afternoon."

"There must be somebody."

"All the people with money here are against us, old boy. And you heard Watchbold at the bank——"

"Yes, yes, of course I did," cried the Commodore impatiently. "Sorry, Archie, but let's think." So they thought, the Commodore pacing the room, and Mobbs patting his fat little thighs.

"I suppose," said Mobbs slowly, after several minutes, "we couldn't let him have a cheque tomorrow morning, make some mistake in it——"

"I've thought of that," the Commodore cut in. "But if he gets to the bank, they'll tell him we've no funds, and we're sunk. If he spots the mistake, comes back and can't find us in time, then he hasn't cleared the cheque—and there'll be no fireworks."

"Laura's father, what about him?"

"Probably hasn't the money on tap—how could he have? Though I wouldn't mind telling him. He's a nice fellow, no fool, and likes fireworks. We'll bear him in mind."

AND then A. Smith of London walked in, with the eternal half-cigarette smouldering under his long nose.

"If intruding, say the word."

"Consider it said," the Commodore told him sharply.

"I bought it," said Smith, turning away.

"Just a minute," cried the Commodore. "Come back, Smith. I wasn't thinking when I spoke before. I want to talk to you." He turned to Mobbs. "Archie, it might be better if you don't hear this. And anyhow you might try to find Mr. Casey, tell him frankly what we're up against, and see if he has any ideas."

"Righto, old boy." And Mobbs bounced out without asking questions, while Smith sidled farther in, looking rather like an ant-eater on the prowl.

"Looked in to see if there was any little job I might do for you," he said. "On the side, of course. Unofficial."

"There might be something," said the Commodore slowly. "In strict confidence. Festival business." And he explained about Mr. Atcham and the fireworks.

"I got it," said Smith. "Nifty little problem, too. And down my street. But I want two quid as a retainer." He waited silently until the Commodore reluctantly handed over two pound notes. "Ta muchly. Now to work. And notice the professional touch. Point One. Fireworks are here, and they'll get 'em ready 'cos they're expecting the money. Oke. Point Two. Does their foreman wait till he gets the all clear from this Atcham? Or does he go an' let 'em off unless Atcham goes an' stops him? Which I think is more likely. About three to one on."

"Well, I don't know," said the Commodore rather impatiently.

"Leave it to me. I'll find out. That's where the professional touch comes in. Now, if they let 'em off unless Atcham stops 'em, we can work it. But if it comes off, I want twenty quid. Professional services. But unless you promise me that twenty, I say no more."

"All right. Twenty pounds if your plan works. That's a promise. Now what do you suggest?"

"He comes in the morning for his cheque. You give it to him. You get a receipt. That's to show the foreman, if he's fly. We tell him we don't know where Atcham is, but here's the receipt all O.K."

"What about Atcham? We can't let him take that cheque to the bank."

SMITH was genuinely indignant. "Now, now, Commodore. You're not talking to your little fat chum. Even the real wide boys say I know my business. Of course we can't let him go to the bank. As soon as he gives you that receipt, something happens. Say he has to get out of the way—quick. He's locked in a big cupboard or a little room. Want a nice set-up, of course. And then you forget to let him out till all those rockets are up in the air. What can he do? You forgot—that's all. You've paid him for his fireworks. Got his receipt. He can take the cheque round on Monday. You were doing your best for him. He might have been attacked by toughs or a dangerous lunatic. There could even be a drink or two and some grub in the room he's locked in, Might even be something in the drink that gives him a nice long nap. Only you want the right set-up. No easy windows. What about the back room here? Better have a decko."

"You know, Smith," said the Commodore, whose grin had been broadening, "there's rather more in you than meets the eye."

"That's right. Heard that before. This Atcham bloke—would he be the sort who'd take a drink in the morning, when you'd given him his cheque?"

"No, not that type, I'd say. A quick cup of tea, perhaps," said the Commodore. "Or coffee."

"Not easy then. Better leave him something in the room. You say he's coming this afternoon? I'll take a peep at him."

"But then you say *something happens* while he's here tomorrow——"

"Leave that, leave that," said Smith hastily. "Give me time to work out something juicy. And I'm in charge—see? No amachure interference, chum."

"No, no. I've every confidence in you now, Smith," said the Commodore, giving him a winning smile. "By the way, you wouldn't like to tell me why you're following my friend Grace—um?"

Smith winked. "It might spoil it for you, cocky. You're happy. She's happy. And I'm happy. So leave it. And let me get on with this firework job. Very tasty."

To be concluded next week

THE EXPLOSION

Continued from page 8

stared across the main road towards the winding-gear of Tanglewood on the skyline.

Mr. Hawes rang the bell and said: "School as usual this afternoon, please, Miss Trotter. I dare say there may be a few people coming up here to take children away—you know why. But we try not to let such things interfere with the routine. Children are creatures of habit, after all, and we are here to serve the children." He said this almost as if he was excusing himself, speaking in the concise, pedantic voice he used for school inspectors, patting the shoulders of the children as they passed him to go into the classrooms.

The glass-panelled door closed and Miss Trotter surveyed her class. About a third of the places were empty, but both the Whiteling children smiled back at her anxiously.

WHAT will happen, she thought, if some neighbours come for these children? Shall I be able to contain the terrible grief in my heart? Nobody until now has ever trespassed upon my proud secret, the joy in my inner nature, but if something happens to Curly, shall I be strong enough to look sympathetic, to hand the children to the softly speaking neighbour and in the evening to visit the house without tears, making conventional offers to help in the midst of the helplessness of bereavement?

Like a rehearsal came two women in shawls and an elderly man knocking at the classroom door to fetch away Timothy Gillings and his cousin, Bobbie Smart. "It's both the men," they croaked in chorus in Miss Trotter's ear. "Killed outright, they say. The women have gone to the pit-head to identify them. The poor women, young mothers, both of them. The old man here is grandfather to them both. Not a stroke of work has he done since he lost his foot at Tanglewood while the war was on."

The two little boys stumbled heavily to the door and were almost hidden by the shawls. The man limped out behind them, nodding to Miss Trotter, saying nothing. Miss Trotter took off her glasses, ran a hand over and over again through her dry, sandy hair, and stood upon her dais, long-sightedly staring at the motionless winding gear, her voice neater than ever in its abstraction, her loving heart clamped about by her fear for Curly Whiteling.

The afternoon stretched out like a long, grey, wasted life. Others came to fetch her pupils away. She realized suddenly that half the class had gone and she tried to pray as Mr. Hawes had done, but she prayed silently and always for Curly Whiteling, while his two children listened to the dulled drone of her teaching voice, as colourless and dry as her sandy hair.

Suddenly she found she could speak no more, that she could think no more, that she could not even weep. I must tell Mr. Hawes that I cannot go on with lessons. I must ask him to let me pray. The grey afternoon sky weighed down over the Birely Hills, over Tanglewood, over the fidgeting anxieties of the inattentive children, so docile and patient because of the calamity outside which announced itself in the intermittent jangling of bells and the sound of tyres upon the wet road. I must tell Mr. Hawes before anybody comes for the Whiteling children. Mr. Hawes has spoken to God. He will understand. . . .

"Just wait here, all of you. . . ."

"Where are you going, miss?" They did not want to wait. It was only her presence which held them there.

"I shall be back," she cried like a fugitive, ducking out of the door.

Mr. Hawes was still teaching in the other classroom. There was a quarter of an hour to go before the end of lessons. Instead of walking in, she paused and knocked.

"Whatever is the matter, Miss Trotter?" he said, coming to the door.

"It's . . . it's something you ought to know." She beckoned him out into the lobby between the two classrooms. She did not wish the children in either classroom to see her lapse, her downfall, the sinful confession of her heart's innocence.

"Your class seems to be a little restive, by the sound of it, Miss Trotter. Can't you tell me this after school?" He made a great show of looking at his watch, as if he, too, had not been counting the minutes like any kept-in child.

Miss Trotter paused in the grey shadow of the lobby and said: "Mr. Hawes, I'm sorry but. . . ." A wild crying broke out inside her. She would need time to say the words she must say. She clutched at his sleeve so that he turned half round. They both faced the door of the classroom which she had left. In the same instant, therefore, both of them saw the lithe, eager figure peering into the classroom through the glass panels of the door.

With a dry, choking, almost angry sound, Mr. Hawes pronounced the words: "Curly Whiteling!"

BEFORE either of them could move, the black silhouette of the figure in the miner's helmet opened the door. Curly beckoned his children and waited where he stood, for them to run to him. Miss Trotter started forward, but Mr. Hawes touched her arm and whispered: "Wait."

Then the two children were in Curly's arms, their pink cheeks against the haggard dirt of his face. For a moment he held them up, swaying, absorbed in his tenderness. Then, as he set them down wearily, he seemed to see Miss Trotter and Mr. Hawes for the first time.

"It's like this," he said. "They wanted me to go back home in the ambulance. But I made them put me down at the bottom of Tanglewood Lane. Something made me want to come here first—to see the youngsters."

Miss Trotter stiffened when she noticed that Curly was crying. The tears in their runnels of dirt and coal-dust summoned her from the ecstasy of her love. She shivered, and she put out her hand because Curly held his out appealingly to her and because Curly staggered on his feet.

The next moment his weight was against her, the smell of sweat and blood, coal and dust, and all the agony of the pit in her nostrils.

"It's like this, Miss Trotter. I kind of wanted to touch them. Life's good, see? You know what I mean, Miss Trotter?" His black, dry lips were close to her ear; his breath hot and irregular.

Her arms encompassed him for that moment, which was as long as the best years of a lifetime. She murmured: "Life's good, Curly. God is good." The children smiled up at her.

Then Mr. Hawes rang the school bell, and Curly sat down on a bench in the office for a cup of tea. Sally Whiteling, who had waited on at the pit-head for news of her brother, came in quietly with a number of other women. Their damp shawls were drawn close. Their fussing over the children was done in whispers. They admired Miss Trotter for her kindness and calmness, as they lingered in a group round Curly for him to tell, in a few broken words, what happened eight hundred and fifty feet below them in the black earth which they had never seen but which was part of their mystery.

Miss Trotter handed Curly a second cup of tea, and he smiled at her from his stained face, as if she was a saint, a creature from another world, calm and understanding, wise and experienced. But the grey light fell on her glasses and he could not see the smile which her eyes gave back, the single explosion of her love. That smile triumphed over nearly three decades in a city of rain and justified another three decades to come in classrooms and lodgings, disposed not by love but by the educational authorities. THE END

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This is the fifth and final British entry in the World Story Project

JOHN PUDNEY, author of *The Explosion*, is well known as a poet, author, dramatist, broadcaster and book critic. Now forty-two, he had his first book, *Spring Encounter*, published in 1933, and has averaged more than one book a year since.

He served in the R.A.F. during the war, but kept on writing, including three official war books.

Pudney, the son of a farmer, lives with his wife and three children in a large, rambling house at Sevenoaks, Kent. He isn't the only literary member of the family. His wife, Crystal—she is the daughter of Sir Alan Herbert—is also a writer.

BUCCANEER OF TEST CRICKET

Continued from page 9

to return.' It took him years of costly match experience to learn that patience is one of a batsman's greatest virtues.

He loves to have around him men of similar independence. "Some of the youngsters in our team were chosen for their fighting spirit,"' he says, and all the evidence points to Dudley Nourse having had a big say in the composition of the party. Seven of the sixteen members are under twenty-five, and six are between twenty-seven and thirty-one. In the disappointing 1947 team only four of the seventeen players were under twenty-five; nine were in the thirties.

The real pugnacity of Nourse's nature is reserved for his batting. His chief hate is cold weather, which forces him to bat in a sweater, impeding the mighty sweep of his arms.

Four years ago he went in to bat in the opening Test at Nottingham. In a grey light, South Africa had lost two wickets for forty-four, and the position called for respectful defence: conditions so alien to his spirit that he had several narrow escapes before settling down.

Gradually he mastered the bowling. By late afternoon the sun was shining and he was hitting lustily to all parts of the field. When he was bowled, shortly before close of play, he had scored 149 in exactly four hours—fast by any standards and remarkable for a Test Match. He had helped Alan Melville, his captain, to add 319 runs for the third wicket, the highest South African stand in Tests and only eleven short of the biggest partnership ever recorded by a Springbok side in this country.

He enjoys making an unexpected challenge at either end of a cricket match. Captaining his country in the first Test against England at Durban, his home ground, in the winter of 1948, he was faced with the visitors needing only eight runs in the last over with two wickets to fall—and it was raining.

When a catch was dropped because of the greasy ball, making victory for his side almost impossible, Nourse could have instructed the bowler to send down deliveries the batsman would not attempt to hit, and thus ensure a draw. Instead, he ordered: "Bowl at the wicket." Gladwin and Alec Bedser sneaked a leg-bye off the last ball and won the game for England.

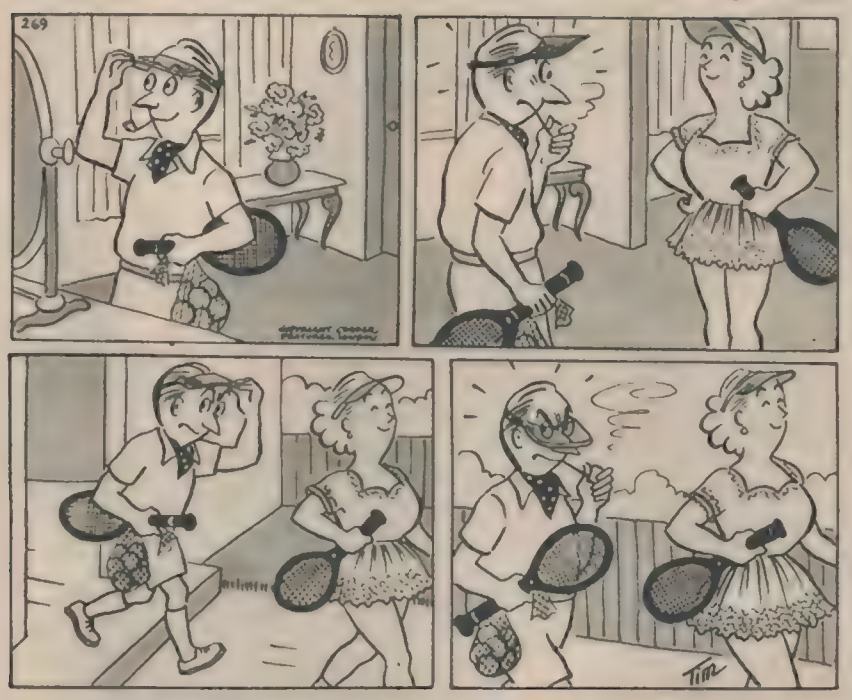
Again, it was Nourse's initiative that brought the somnolent fifth Test, at Port Elizabeth, to life. He unexpectedly declared at teatime on the last day with only three second-innings wickets gone, setting England to get 172 runs in ninety-five minutes. George Mann, the M.C.C. captain, accepted the challenge and won in the last over, when Crapp hit a couple of fours off bowling which Nourse could easily have made negative and impossible to hit.

These two close finishes brought delight to all true cricket lovers, who believe the game is greater than the result. But they also meant defeat, and loss of the rubber, for South Africa, and Nourse was widely criticized for his rashness.

Away from the excitement and controversies of cricket he finds peace among wild birds. An ardent aviarist, he has one of the world's finest private collections. In the garden of his home near Durban he has built fourteen aviaries, containing 350 brightly plumed birds of many nations. He owns very few British birds, which do not thrive in South Africa, but he has brought several photographs to show to British ornithologists during his visit.

His team, and all admirers of cricket, are hoping he will not mix his interests and make too close an acquaintance with the species *Clangula Hyemalis*, or long-tailed duck. THE END

OH, JOHNNY! — *by TIM*



SELLING THE FAMILY AN AEROPLANE

Continued from page 17

of tens of thousands of new parts at a moment's notice. Yet he has only a vague recollection of how he came into the business. He had sunk his capital into buying two Halifaxes, with which he intended to work up an air freight service.

Everywhere he went, fellow operators asked him if he knew where they could get an engine, or a set of cowlings, or new radio valves. Generally he did not, but by passing on the requests often found himself flying back with a part that would get a friend or rival out of trouble.

The turning point came when someone put him on to a rich source of Dakota spares. He sold his Halifaxes and bought an old Tiger Moth to maintain the contacts he had established all over Europe. A customer who had just placed a big order for spares was strolling through the hangar with Hughes when he spotted the little Moth. "That's a nice machine," he commented. "How much do you want for it?"

The question started a battle between Hughes's business head and his heart. He knew he could sell at a handsome profit and replace with another just as good. But he had a great fondness for that particular plane. "In the end I sold, but I felt like a Judas as I saw my customer taxi across the airfield and take off in it."

The customer was apparently satisfied, for within a few days other inquiries arrived asking for details of second-hand planes available. So a new department was opened.

Unwanted Ready Money

"I had some queer clients in those days," he recalls. "One man offered me a fantastic price for every Spitfire I would fly out to a place he named. I was assured that no questions would be asked, and the only stipulation was that the machines were to be delivered with their guns intact and in working order. I pointed out that I didn't do business of that nature and showed him the door.

"Another strange customer was a man who came for £1,000 worth of spares. To my astonishment he opened a suitcase and from it took the money in £1 notes. I told him that unless he could give me a cheque there was no sale. Without a word he put the notes back in his case. I've never seen him since."

A second ready-money client who was only slightly less casual arrived at 10 p.m., and, finding Hughes had left a few minutes previously, handed to the airport police a parcel wrapped in paper. "Will you look after it for me?" he asked. "There's £500 inside. Don't bother to count it. I'll come for it in the morning." He was back before dawn, collected his parcel without a second look, and departed. He, too, has never been seen since.

Not many callers arrive too late to talk business. Normally Hughes and his executives are available until late every night, weekends included. In the early struggling days even the boss's wife worked till midnight; once she stayed at the office until 1.30 a.m. before going off to have a baby a few hours later.

There's No Junk For Sale

Much of Hughie's business lies overseas, and sixty per cent of his sales of spare parts are made abroad. His business in spares is always brisk; there are more than 2,000 types of electrical equipment alone in the stores. Prices range from a switch at 15s. 6d. up to giant tyres at £170 apiece, or a set of engine cowlings at £1,000. There's no junk, because air safety regulations are so stringent that every part has to be stripped, examined by a qualified inspector, and put together again.

This rigid checking is part of the air industry's effort to ensure that every person who takes off in an aeroplane shall come down again safely. The public are never invited to think of the precautions taken on their behalf. As for the private airmen, they know that their machines are in perfect order, by law, and they can concentrate on enjoying themselves.

But the prize for informality surely goes to the man from Leeds who was flying his wife and family to the Isle of Wight for a holiday. To check his direction he came down in a Hampshire meadow to ask a farmhand the way and was told: "Fly straight on till you see water. The island is on the other side. You can't miss it."

Neither the pilot nor his informant seemed to regard the incident as unusual. But ex-fighter pilot Hughes shudders when he tells the story. "I should hate to land in a meadow," he says.

THE END

[Every Trade Advertisement Guaranteed]

How the Normans were defeated in 1066

NEITHER helmets, shields, nor even coats of chain mail could safeguard the teeth of William the Conqueror's soldiers. And they hadn't got Macleans Peroxide Solid Dentifrice to save their teeth from discoloration and protect them like *you* have. In those days before dentists, nobody knew the importance of this excellent dentifrice in cleaning teeth night and morning. *But we're luckier . . .!*

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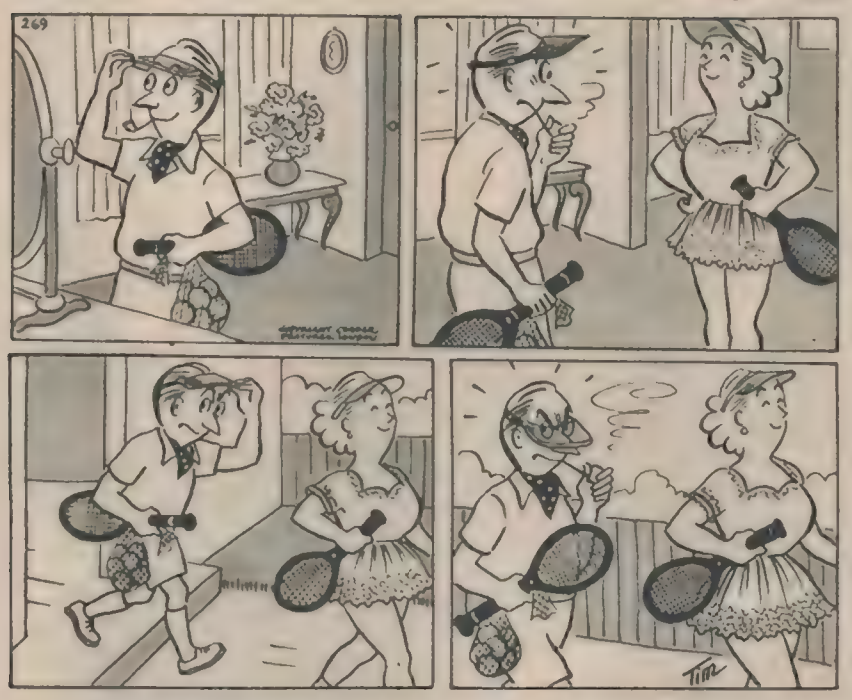
OH, JOHNNY! — *by TIM*



SELLING THE FAMILY AN AEROPLANE

Continued from page 17

of tens of thousands of new parts at a moment's notice. Yet he has only a vague recollection of how he came into the business. He had sunk his capital into buying two Halifaxes, with which he intended to work up an air freight service.

Everywhere he went, fellow operators asked him if he knew where they could get an engine, or a set of cowlings, or new radio valves. Generally he did not, but by passing on the requests often found himself flying back with a part that would get a friend or rival out of trouble.

The turning point came when someone put him on to a rich source of Dakota spares. He sold his Halifaxes and bought an old Tiger Moth to maintain the contacts he had established all over Europe. A customer who had just placed a big order for spares was strolling through the hangar with Hughes when he spotted the little Moth. "That's a nice machine," he commented. "How much do you want for it?"

The question started a battle between Hughes's business head and his heart. He knew he could sell at a handsome profit and replace with another just as good. But he had a great fondness for that particular plane. "In the end I sold, but I felt like a Judas as I saw my customer taxi across the airfield and take off in it."

The customer was apparently satisfied, for within a few days other inquiries arrived asking for details of second-hand planes available. So a new department was opened.

Unwanted Ready Money

"I had some queer clients in those days," he recalls. "One man offered me a fantastic price for every Spitfire I would fly out to a place he named. I was assured that no questions would be asked, and the only stipulation was that the machines were to be delivered with their guns intact and in working order. I pointed out that I didn't do business of that nature and showed him the door.

"Another strange customer was a man who came for £1,000 worth of spares. To my astonishment he opened a suitcase and from it took the money in £1 notes. I told him that unless he could give me a cheque there was no sale. Without a word he put the notes back in his case. I've never seen him since."

A second ready-money client who was only slightly less casual arrived at 10 p.m., and, finding Hughes had left a few minutes previously, handed to the airport police a parcel wrapped in paper. "Will you look after it for me?" he asked. "There's £500 inside. Don't bother to count it. I'll come for it in the morning." He was back before dawn, collected his parcel without a second look, and departed. He, too, has never been seen since.

Not many callers arrive too late to talk business. Normally Hughes and his executives are available until late every night, weekends included. In the early struggling days even the boss's wife worked till midnight; once she stayed at the office until 1.30 a.m. before going off to have a baby a few hours later.

There's No Junk For Sale

Much of Hughie's business lies overseas, and sixty per cent of his sales of spare parts are made abroad. His business in spares is always brisk; there are more than 2,000 types of electrical equipment alone in the stores. Prices range from a switch at 15s. 6d. up to giant tyres at £170 apiece, or a set of engine cowlings at £1,000. There's no junk, because air safety regulations are so stringent that every part has to be stripped, examined by a qualified inspector, and put together again.

This rigid checking is part of the air industry's effort to ensure that every person who takes off in an aeroplane shall come down again safely. The public are never invited to think of the precautions taken on their behalf. As for the private airmen, they know that their machines are in perfect order, by law, and they can concentrate on enjoying themselves.

But the prize for informality surely goes to the man from Leeds who was flying his wife and family to the Isle of Wight for a holiday. To check his direction he came down in a Hampshire meadow to ask a farmhand the way and was told: "Fly straight on till you see water. The island is on the other side. You can't miss it."

Neither the pilot nor his informant seemed to regard the incident as unusual. But ex-fighter pilot Hughes shudders when he tells the story. "I should hate to land in a meadow," he says.

THE END

[Every Trade Advertisement Guaranteed]

How the Normans were defeated in 1066

NEITHER helmets, shields, nor even coats of chain mail could safeguard the teeth of William the Conqueror's soldiers. And they hadn't got Macleans Peroxide Solid Dentifrice to save their teeth from discoloration and protect them like *you* have. In those days before dentists, nobody knew the importance of this excellent dentifrice in cleaning teeth night and morning. *But we're luckier . . .!*

Arm yourself to the teeth with...

The **BIG,** *long lasting favourite in the New Tin . .* **10d**

PRESTCOLD
REFRIGERATION
keeps good food good

PRESSED STEEL COMPANY LIMITED. COWLEY, OXFORD.

SAY Crosbie's WITH CONFIDENCE

Serial No. 1313
BRITISH GOOD HOUSEKEEPING INSTITUTE
(Conducted by 'Good Housekeeping' Magazine)
GUARANTEES
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and taste the Fresh Fruit

"Nell Gwyn" Marmalade

Fresh Seville Oranges, specially processed to a secret recipe, produce that luscious, tender peel of exquisite flavour.

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They're LOVELY!

COURTERS LOVE SPANGLES...

(each jewel of a sweet neatly wrapped)

DAUGHTERS LOVE SPANGLES....

(they keep on falling for these long-lasting sweets)

THE BRIGHTEST OF FRUIT-MARKET PORTERS LOVE SPANGLES...

(fruity-as-fruit flavours and so much easier to carry!)

AND YOU'LL LOVE

SPANGLES

JB

Wonderful new fruity sweets - made by MARS

TO MY HUSBAND

Continued from page 11

something most powerfully grave about the closed door to father's room. I longed to be with them beyond it. But there were my father and my son, a life ending and one begun, and I was their bridge. I think I was jealous. I suppose there must be a lot of mother in me. But I took my things and went out on the lawn in the shade. Eric came to find me there later. I watched him walk over the grass. I swear I'm not making it up, even though I'd been thinking so hard about father, but Rick, he looked so much like him, he walked that way the Howletts have, with his head a little on one side, and with long, flinging strides, and his chest up. I caught my breath and said to myself that, whatever they had talked about, the old man must have given much of himself to the boy, and I hoped it was for ever.

He came and idled up to me, sitting next to me on the bench, but, do you know, he said nothing, and, of course, I did not ask him.

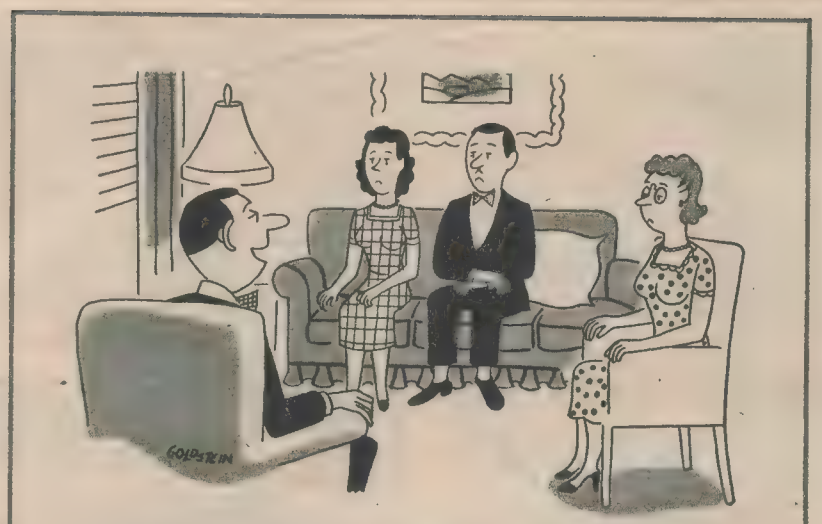
We had a quiet dinner and I've had a nice evening thinking all this at you, and I'm dead tired. I'll resume tomorrow, if there is something to report.

TUESDAY. There is. After midnight, Mrs. Tredway called mother and me. She had already sent for the doctor. Father died about two o'clock. I don't believe he ever saw us again. It was all quiet when the doctor turned and told us; it was all desolation. What was it? Was there one more thing I wanted to say to my father? I could say it only to myself now and for ever.

Of course, there were things to be done. Phone calls. Messages. It was amazing how, even so late at night, the town heard the news. People came right out to the house to see what they could do, old friends I had not seen in years. Mother's friends. She received them all with hard control. They begged her to weep. She would not, or could not. She had a kind of crazy beauty, born of her exhaustion, her pride in her self-control, and the knowledge that had just now come to her, and which she did not yet command. There was a fair amount of subdued commotion to all this, and I went several times to see to Eric. But he slept on energetically until I woke him in the morning.

I told him what had happened, then I am sorry to say that with all my reasonableness and my care to spare him any undue share of grief, I was overwhelmed by my own and began to sob and hug him helplessly. It didn't last long, of course, and he was horribly distressed for me. I had no idea of what he might be feeling himself. But he gave me comfort, and I thanked him and kissed him and said he must speak sweetly to his grandmother when he was dressed and ready for breakfast.

He managed this reasonably well, I thought. Mother was hungry for his proprieties. She was dry-eyed, wound up like a wire, and breathless. I thought her grief was taking odd forms. She flared out at poor Mattie for not polishing the silver on her tray better, and she sent word to the hired man that he must mow the lawn immediately, though it had been done two days before. Her eyes looked hot and painful, and she seemed to be looking, looking, behind us all, beyond the solemn trouble of the house, for something else again. I actually saw her bite her lip as she gazed out of the window. I asked her if she didn't want to see the doctor, and perhaps have something to quieten her nerves. Nonsense. Her overriding energy was in charge. We could only submit to it.



"We don't stand on ceremony around here, you know, folks. You can leave any time you like"

Eric spent the morning out under the cottonwood and when I called him for one or two little errands he would return to it afterwards. I missed the point until he asked me: "Mother, how long does a tree live?"

"Oh, I don't know. Some longer than others."

"When did grandfather plant this one?"

"Oh. Oh, when I was about your age. That might mean it will live a long, long time yet."

"It is mine, isn't it, really and truly?"

"Oh, yes. Certainly."

He was satisfied. I wondered if they talked about it yesterday afternoon.

Mother and I approved all final arrangements a little while ago. She does not want to wait, nor do I, so the funeral is to be tomorrow morning at nine. I am undecided about having Eric attend the funeral, but I believe I will explain it to him, and let him decide for himself. He is out in front now, and every time telegrams come, or flowers, or special visitors (the morning has been overrun), he takes charge. Then he goes back under his tree.

LATER. Poor Mrs. Tredway. She was lunching with us when mother, smiling with everything but her eyes, turned to her and asked when she was leaving.

"Oh, why, Mrs. Howlett, any time. My case ended last night, of course, but I thought I might be able to help you for a day or two, so I. . . ."

"Thank you, Mrs. Tredway, it won't be necessary. You may add to your bill for today, if you wish."

"Oh, no, that was just what I meant: I did not mean to charge after last. . . ."

I felt obliged to break in, and I said to mother that Mrs. Tredway meant only to be on hand if mother should be too exhausted and need care. I thanked Mrs. Tredway, who was almost in tears. She was very fond of father in spite of his roarings.

"I will have the car take you wherever you may want to go, then, after lunch," said mother.

Mrs. Tredway nodded and hurriedly left the table.

Now, I said to myself, mother is really an old woman, all the way through. Some old ladies are very sweet. Some are not. Some are mixed. Maybe all of them are what they have always been, only much more so, because of age.

She told me to bid Mrs. Tredway goodbye for her and said she would rest. But rest? All afternoon she was up and down from her long chair in the bedroom, looking for something. She has taken to hiding valuable things here and there, and has decided that Mattie is potentially a thief (Mattie—who nursed me!) and nothing is safe. So under chair cushions, behind pictures, on top of mouldings, there are various treasures like coin purses, or bunches of keys, or extra spectacles. Today it is something else. She is looking for her address book. Not in the desk. Not on the telephone table in her sitting-room, or in the library, but in the clever place where it is safely lodged. Trouble is, she can't remember the place. I offered to help look, and later Eric appeared, and enlisted, and we all searched.

All through this she was almost panicky—again that drive of energy and feeling, almost hysterical. I didn't know whether she was afraid to give in to the real thing, because of the hugeness of her feelings, or what. Meantime we went on searching, but without success. She finally went to lie down, and her nervousness increased until I thought I might well send for the doctor on my own responsibility. She would have no dinner, and she even summoned Mattie and demanded that she deliver up the address book which she had stolen. Mattie was amazing. She just went closer to mother, and knelt down on the floor beside her chair and gently and vastly embraced her, murmuring little wordless messages of peace and forgiveness. She was thrust away and scolded, but it made no difference; she went back to the kitchen, choosing to disregard mother's behaviour.

Eric was the hero of the day. After his supper, he was rummaging in the library, looking for picture-books, and behind the set of Hakluyt's *Voyages* with the engravings which father so loved, he found a little black leather book locked with a gold clasp, and he brought it in, saying: "Is this it?"

Mother seized him and hugged and kissed him while he squirmed. She put the book to her breast and gazed upwards with dramatic relief. Just then we had some callers, who were amazed to find her so animated and charming. She took their condolences like a great beauty of the last century taking compliments, and put them at their ease so grandly that nobody could stammer a word. I missed some of it, as I was seeing Eric to bed, and when I came back, some of her friends—old women of her age—were begging her to break down, give in, and cry, for the true relief it would be to her. She was stretched to some sort of breaking-point; all felt it.

One thing, as I knew a little while afterwards, was that she was wild with impatience for all the callers to go away and leave her alone with her address book.

At last, when they had gone, she went to her room, saying she had to make a phone call. I said why not wait till morning; surely it was too late to call anybody up now? No, she was not to be persuaded. She said she thought they would never leave, all those visitors, and let her take care of things that she had to take care of, that had been, she said, neglected, God knew, far too long.

"You go to bed Katherine, you're a wreck," she said. "We have much to go through with tomorrow."

She is really amazing. You can't help admiring her will power and her refusal to give in.

WEDNESDAY. I will spare you the funeral. It hadn't much to do with what father really was like. And anyway it seems to me far less important than what happened immediately afterwards. I wonder if I can make you see it, and the *dimensions* of it.

It was a long drive back from the cemetery. Eric did go with us, and on the way home he fell asleep in the front seat. I sat behind with mother and Mrs. de Castro, her closest friend.

There was an odd feeling that mother wanted the car to go faster. She would lean forward now and then, but then sink back, remembering that it would not be polite for a funeral car to roll along the road normally. But as we turned up the curve, and saw our place, she took in what was going on, and then, satisfied, she settled back without another glance.

Rick, what do you suppose? There was a man, that Mr. Dickson who handled people's trees, with his boy, Hobbert, sawing down the cottonwood tree in front of the house—Eric's tree. The saw was two-thirds through the trunk already. The big top boughs had been cut off and allowed to fall and now lay trembling in the morning breeze on the ground. I could hardly believe my eyes.

"Mother!" I said, and she smiled in exactly that way I remember—when father laid down the law to her, refused to let her have her way before, made a challenge that apparently all these years had never died out in her.

When the car stopped she got out, and, leaning on my arm and Mrs. de Castro's, without another look went to the house. Eric woke up just then and in a moment saw what was happening. He bolted from the car and ran to the tree. He began to pound Mr. Dickson with his fists, shouting words that meant nothing except his wild anguish. Mr. Dickson was gentle with him, knelt down and held him and spoke to him with his head peering up into Eric's face. As we went up on the porch I heard Eric find his words, and yell: "You can't take this tree. He gave it to me, my grandfather, and it is mine, for good!"

He was dashing off tears from his face, and standing in wrath with his legs apart. His whole body cried outrage.

Rick, I was really appalled, and

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It may have to serve you for a long while yet. Give it the best of everything. When buying Repair Parts or Wicks, make sure you look for the Valor Shield. When buying paraffin, insist on ESSO Royal Daylight. It contains no added colouring matter and is more economical.

Valor OFFICIALLY RECOMMEND

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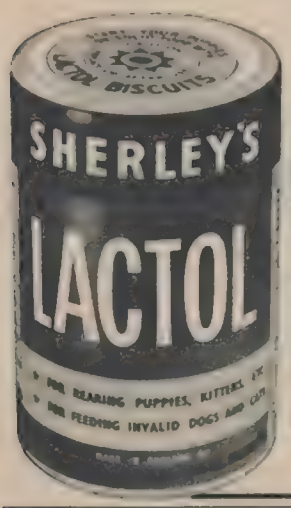
—builds good bone, strong teeth, firm flesh



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Miss Tatler of 60 Howard Road, Kings Heath, Birmingham, writes: "My 12 Airedale puppies were weaned with LACTOL at 3 weeks old. They have grown into strong, well-developed young dogs and have not had a day's illness. LACTOL has given them a fine start in life."

What a difference an APPETITE makes!

It's a treat to see her enjoy her food! Full of energy and high spirits—you don't have to tell her twice that dinner's ready . . . Regularity is the secret of her bright eyes and rosy cheeks. For Mother knows that 'California Syrup of Figs' is one of the surest ways to end 'stasis' or sluggish bowels which often makes the youngster lose interest in her food.

To keep her child healthy and carefree, Mother naturally chooses this kindly laxative. Containing extracts of both senna and ripe figs, it is gentle yet sure in action. Its pleasant taste has a special appeal to children.

So if 'stasis' is the cause of your youngster being 'out of sorts', remember that 'California Syrup of Figs' will soon restore regularity.

'California Syrup of Figs'

ALSO BRANDED 'CALIFIG' FOR SHORT

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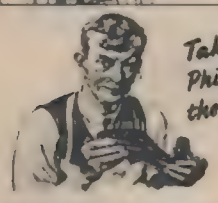
Jane's Invisible Secret

AREN'T SHOES A PRICE DEAR?
I GET MINE AT HALF COST
SOUNDS INTRIGUING-LET ME IN ON IT
SIMPLE WHEN YOU KNOW HOW
SO THAT'S IT-PHILLIPS STICK-A-SOLES-HOW NEAT
YES, THEY DOUBLE THE LIFE AND ARE INVISIBLE IN WEAR



Take it from me Phillips do double the life of your shoes

Phillips

STICK-A-SOLES AND HEELS

wanted to hurry mother to her sitting-room so I could go to Eric, but before I could even get her settled in her chair with a little whisky she wanted, he came crashing through the house to where we were.

Mrs. de Castro, who is a very old lady, put up her hands in a classic gesture of caution and dismay, as Eric went right up to mother and pointed at her. His face was sick and white, his tongue dry. He had to lick his mouth before he could say anything.

"Yes, precious?" said mother, leaning tenderly towards him, her hand extended delicately under her heavy veil, which she had not yet removed.

Eric knocked her hand away. It must have hurt her. "You," he declared in a clouded, furious voice, so that he seemed ageless and a stranger, "you had them cut my tree, and it is mine. He said you phoned him to come and he said you are paying him to take it away. But it is mine, and the paper my grandfather gave me said so, my mother said so, too, and he said it was part of the law. It didn't belong to you. Wrong, wrong, you did wrong, and I hate you."

"Oh!" she cried, falling back and covering her eyes. "Katherine, stop him! In my condition! Your dear little grandmother!"

Where was my duty? "Eric!" I said. "You should never speak to your grandmother that way. Now apologize, dear, and we will try to talk more sensibly."

"I won't. Ever. She is wrong, no matter what." Then his boyhood returned, and with a sickly gasp, and scowling to refuse tears, he ran away to his room.

There was a breathy silence. Then I said: "So that was your phone call, out of your book, last night."

She said nothing, and I left her with Mrs. de Castro. They made the sounds of mourning doves at one another, deep there in the cool house.

I listened at Eric's door but I scarcely knew what to say if I saw him, so I went to my room. Outside, there was a sumptuous long crack of green growing wood and then the whole tree crashed out into the street. Oh, Rick. So much went with it.

LATER in the morning, Mr. Dickson came to the door to report. I was sent to talk to him. On his sagging truck, the wilting boughs were piled high and grand. Where the tree had stood there seemed to be a blinding patch of sky. Eric came down the hall and asked him what they were going to do with the boughs.

"We haul them out west of town to the city dump," said Mr. Dickson rather proudly.

"Can I go with you?" asked Eric.

Mr. Dickson inquired of me with a look.

"Will you see that he gets back?" I said.

"Indeed, mam."

I nodded.

Eric went right down the walk with him.

"Eric!" I called.

He did not turn or stop. He believed I was just as guilty as mother of the worst wrong anyone could do to him, which was to wound his faith. He went walking off on his miserable, respectful mission and he was just like father—his walk, his straight back, his long legs, the head tipped slightly to one side. It was an impression full of power, and it

"Birthdays mean nothing to me any more—just the presents"

turned my insides over. It frightened me a little, for his whole attitude made it clear that I myself had never taken seriously enough the deed of the tree to Eric, the honour of a pact, the long, grave meaning that came through so many centuries of the law.

I felt a chill. I felt guilty. What if some time, lightly, full of amusement, I might have shown Eric how trivially I had taken all of it? My heart jumped at the thought. I felt his grief and his loneliness, that he had to leave me and go off with strangers to the city dump with his dead grandfather's dead legacy. It was plain we had to do something for him, somehow win his love again.

What could we do? If you were here, you'd know.

I went to mother as soon as Mrs. de Castro left. Mother received me with a gasp. "Katherine! That child! You must punish him. I've never been so humiliated—and in front of Marie de Castro!" But her eyes were afraid and lonesome.

I said, "No, Mother. You must make him see you love him and are sorry for what you've done."

"Sorry?"

"He is heartbroken. I mean it seriously. Something dreadful has been done to him. You must start by apologizing."

"Apologize? But he's only a child!"

"Something he owned and loved has been destroyed. He had a legal deed to it."

"That was one of Percy's jokes."

"Was it only a joke as long as he was living? You honoured it well enough then."

She clasped her hands and wrung them. She searched to right and left for help, support, encouragement. Found none. She suffered and (as I think must have been so all her life) made her own suffering. My heart was touched. But I could not forget Eric's greater suffering.

"A joke," she repeated imploringly.

"Not to Eric."

"Oh!" she cried in exasperation. "You are all against me!"

"No, Mother dear. But I must not let Eric lose everything—not only his tree but his family."

She nibbled at the tip of her finger and looked at me. I felt that different pictures went past behind her eyes and she dreaded all of them.

"What do you want me to do?" she said finally.

"Be honest with him," I said. "Make him feel it. Make him believe you are sorry. To do that you must be."

She lifted her head proudly. She

[Every Trade Advertisement Guaranteed]

He's just like a friend

My insurance man calls on Mondays—he usually finds me hanging out the washing! But that doesn't worry him—he's just like a friend really. And when I had something to collect on a policy last August, it was all done in a minute. That's what I like about the way things are done—no fuss or form-filling, and you do keep the whole thing private. If that's what they call free-enterprise insurance, I'm all for it.

Free-Enterprise Insurance brings service and security to your home

Issued by the Industrial Life Offices

P.11

How to deep clean your lavatory in just 5 seconds

THE DAILY STAY-BRIGHT WAY

Just think! A daily five-second sprinkle can keep your lavatory pans always bright, sanitary-clean, *If* you use Harpic! For Harpic . . . designed specially for lavatory cleaning . . . is the famous product that deodorizes, disinfects and really deep-cleans all the way back, even to the hidden S-bend.

Buy a tin of Harpic at your nearest shop and be sure of a sunshine-clean, sanitary lavatory.

Just sprinkle in a little Harpic and leave overnight. Then flush in the morning. Do it daily and your lavatory will sparkle as never before.

Harpic sweeps clean right round the S-bend, where no brush can ever reach!

HARPIC RZOD *THE HALLMARK OF HYGIENE IN 5 OUT OF 10 HOMES*

NOW! PERFUMED AND NON-PERFUMED

Two kinds of Harpic are now in the shops—the familiar kind and a new one with an added fresh fragrance

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PHOSFERINE

in cases of WEARINESS...

PHOSFERINE is a wonderful tonic for the weak and ailing, the convalescent and the run-down. Try PHOSFERINE now—and feel the benefit at once.

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Fatigue of the nervous system, caused by overwork, difficulties or worry—often accompanied by loss of appetite—is a sign you need PHOSFERINE.

in cases of DEBILITY...

PHOSFERINE restores the appetite, strengthens the nerves, puts back the vitality you so badly need. And it helps you to resist illness.

1/8 & 4/- Available in Liquid or Tablet Form. 10 drops equal 2 Tablets.

The GREATEST OF ALL TONICS
for Depression, Debility, Indigestion, Sleeplessness & after influenza.

JB

JOHN BULL Guarantee

Every article advertised in JOHN BULL carries with it a money-back guarantee:

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs and other articles which have been approved by our experts are marked with this sign → JB

In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in JOHN BULL. Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in JOHN BULL, and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, PUBLISHERS

HURRY for a RIVIERA HOLIDAY!

ALREADY three "Bulleteers" have won double invitations to join JOHN BULL's August party on the French Riviera. Now comes the last-but-one opportunity to win *your* way to lovely Menton and revel in a holiday by the warm, blue Mediterranean.

There, amidst glorious scenery, with ideal bathing at hand and given free excursions the whole length of the Riviera, you and your companion can enjoy a holiday that will glow in your memory through the gloomiest English winter. Enter the week's best *Bullet* on the coupon below—and all this, plus a £500 fortune, will be yours.

THRILLING 1st PRIZE

£500 CASH PLUS

RIVIERA HOLIDAY for TWO

Winner and companion fly B.E.A. to Riviera. Luxurious accommodation at Menton, trips to Cannes, Nice, San Remo (Italy), Monte Carlo and Maritime Alps all provided by JOHN BULL and arranged by Cook's. (Cash in lieu if winner cannot join party.)

£50, £25, £10 each plus
SEASIDE HOLIDAY for TWO

Entertainments galore, including grand tour of Devon's finest scenery, await you and your companion with *Bullets* Holiday Party at Torquay. (Winners have alternative of joining JOHN BULL Party at Llandudno.)

£9, £8, £7, £6, 2 of £5, 10 of £4

50 of £1, 2,000 "Good Shots"

"Sunday Feast" Bonuses

Whole Roast Chicken and 2 lb. delicious Ham (both tinned) accompany each of the 20 chief prizes won with *Bullet* which was one of four or more on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet.

Double invitations to Torquay, famous for its setting and sunshine even among resorts of England's own Riviera, accompany this week's Second, Third and Fourth Prize cheques. No more Torquay invitations can be offered after this week, so make the most of your *final* opportunity to join JOHN BULL's party in glorious Devon.

Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "EXAMPLES"

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

On Prosperity's Beach
The American Way
Behind Us
Peacemaker Morrison
Flags, Banners And
Stream Of Oratory
All That's Left
The Ambulance
Man Who Knows
Tom, Dick And Harry
Seen At The Festival
In Her Glory
Wool-gathering
The Biggest Of All
Our Effie
Went With A Bang
A Robot
Walking The Plank
Tired As A Dog
On The Firm's Outing

Incomplete "Examples"
—see instructions

World Without.....
Eating Up The.....
..... Him Once
Had To Be.....
.....It Or Not
I'd Like To Be....., But

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests in *Bulletin* and *Gazette*, dated July 7, and in JOHN BULL, dated July 14, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

MORE SWISS and SEASIDE HOLIDAYS in next week's JOHN BULL!

POST ENTRY

"Bullets" 1,787 (or Xword 739), "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

Continued from next column

Street, Reddish, Stockport: THREADBARE—*And* "THICK," DAD'S EXCUSES! £5: Mrs. B. J. MacGregor, 30 Wilkinson Street, Ellesmere Port, Wirral: ALFIE AND EFFIE—THE "*Hot* WATER BABIES."

For ten winners of £2 10s., see "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*.

50 Prizes of 10s. and 2,000 "Good Shot" Prizes have also been posted.

"Bullets" Winners 1,782

FIRST PRIZE, £500 plus TV or Refrigerator: Mrs. L. Brearley, 40 Innerbrook Road, Chelston, Torquay:

THE HARDEST PART HEARING "YOU *Wouldn't* LISTEN!"

£50 plus Radiogram or Washing Machine: R. J. Davis, c/o 14 Herndon Road, Wandsworth, S.W.18: WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE — SOMEBODY'S "SET THAMES ALIGHT."

£25 plus Radio or Vacuum Cleaner: Miss R. Y. Parsons, Glendene, Marlborough Road, Nuneaton: JOB TO FOSTER—CRAFTSMEN, WITH "FASTER, FASTER!"

OTHER AWARDS: £10: S. Morgan, 100 Kimberley Road, Roath, Cardiff: OILING THE WHEELS—OF WHAT'S "OVERTAKING" US! £10: W. F. Ralphs, 4 Forest View Avenue, Whipps Cross, E.10: TURNSTILES OF THE FESTIVAL — CRITICS' "MUD" *Oiled*, APPARENTLY. £5: A. Barker, Springville, High Street, Upton, Pontefract: JOB TO DO—WELFARE STATE'S *Greatest* "BOUNTY." £5: D. H. Colclough, 49 Charminster Road, Bournemouth: THINK OF THE FESTIVAL—MANKIND MISSES, "EXHIBITING" GUNS! £5: A. Gowlett, 4 Seymour Road, Ringwood: ACCORDING TO THE DOCTOR — GRANDPA'S GOT *Whoopee* COUGH! £5: C. Knight, 14 Moston

Continued in previous column

CASH AND HOLIDAYS FOR XWORDS!

THIS WAY TO WIN

FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues below. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one, two or three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

Across Clues — **XWORD 739**

1. The Foreign Secretary's action can affect these
5. Mrs. Newlywed may take a long time to suspect shopkeeper who is
6. To get somewhere, many rely on this
9. Has the effect of terrifying some people
10. Lad who's suffered for his folly may still get this from his dad
11. Is sometimes used as a safety measure
12. The sky is very often this when it is dark
13. It's better to have some sort of assistance when folding

Down Clues

1. Stiffness of one can be pretty painful
2. Big one may possibly explain belated deliveries
3. No general would ever welcome being this
4. This is something put on
7. It is important that a fire-brigade should treat one with care and respect
8. Now and again promotion leads to
10. Sometimes put on and twisted

£100

1st Prize plus

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£100 and HOLIDAYS WON – XWORD 734

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1, Tang. 3, Scar. 6, Words. 8, Move. 10, Cares. 14, Tucks. 15, Hearing. DOWN: 2, Grace. 4, Rivers. 5, Wad. 7, Dope. 9, Verve. 11, Tote. 12, Take. 13, Fog.

WINNER OF £100 AND HOLIDAY FOR TWO: Miss B. Peers, 46 Dinmore Road, Wallasey, Cheshire.

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R	Y	O	T	■	5C	H	E	A		
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6C	7H	A	R	■	■	L	T	■	W	
K	O	■		■	■		■	8S	O	
■		■	■	9	O	E	■	T	O	
10H	E	L	■	■	A	D	A	R	■	
O	■	O	■	■	T	■	11P	I	■	
12S	T	U	D	■	E	D	■	■	■	
■	■	D	739	13S	H	E	E	■	■	

CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
No.		6d.
No.		1s.
No.		2s.

(Total fee shown includes entry on Square)

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I enclose P.O. value..... No.....

Signed.....

Address.....

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In adjudication, all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with one extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.). Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.) and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.). Use ink not pencil.

Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated June 30.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature indicates agreement to Rules.

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BULLET

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B.

EX.

B. — EXTRA TWO FOR 6d.

EX.

B

Closing Postmark **1,787** MON., June 18

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had her own solution. "Can he ride a bicycle?" she asked.

"Yes, of course."

"Has he one?"

"An old one, at home."

"Give me the phone."

WEDNESDAY evening. There it stood, on the porch, under the outgrown tower, all afternoon. It was delivered from the hardware store at two o'clock.

Eric came back about six o'clock.

He came slowly up the walk with his head hanging. Mother and I were in the hall. We could see him through the open door. He came up the steps and nearly touched the bicycle before he saw it. He knelt down and sat on his heels and looked it over carefully, slowly. It had everything on it that he longed for on his old bicycle at home. He stroked the saddle. He switched the headlight on and off. He was lost in desire and joy. Mother went forward into the light.

"Do you like it, darling?" she asked.

"It's a beauty," he said. But he retreated from the bicycle and stood facing us. He looked at me. "What's it for?" he asked.

"Why, for you, dear."

"Who got it?" he asked.

"Why, your grandmother, of course."

He backed off a little farther. "No," he said.

"Eric!"

"Why did she get it for me? Did she get it because of the tree?"

Mother looked at me in despair. Why was she meant to be wrong in all of this? I could not answer for her.

"I don't want it," said Eric. "I can't take it." At moments he had the detached impressiveness of a man, and again, now, he was a sorely troubled little boy, with the thinnest control over his feelings.

"I thought you would like it to play with," said mother with her hand on her breast. She was faint-voiced and driven to her limits, too.

Rick, imagine this. Eric scratched at his eyes and cheeks, and began to say this: "Grandfather told me lots of things that he said I should never forget. And he said somebody might do something after he was not here any more. And he said I maybe would not be able to stop them because I am just a boy. And he said they might do it to my tree. But he said it belonged to me, really and truly—and you said so, too . . ." he said, turning to me.

I could hardly speak, but I said, "I did, Eric, I did, and I knew nothing about the tree this morning until I saw it, when you did."

In this I abandoned mother, of course. But I had to, not only for my sake, but his.

"You didn't?" He stared and then smiled at me and I felt heavy with thanks and love. Mother is no fool, of course. She knew who was

WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT

READERS with personal problems can obtain the help of John Bull's team of experts. Inquiries (other than medical) should be addressed to the John Bull Free Advice Service, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Enclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply.

talking to her through that child's voice. Suddenly she faced her loss, and knew it fully, and she turned white.

"What did your grandfather say?" she demanded.

"He said if anything did happen to my property without me saying so, why they would probably try to make it up to me, and make me like it, and he said that no matter what they did they would be wrong. Because of the principle. It was law. He talked along. He asked me if I knew what he meant. And I said I did. Because I do. So I can't play like it was right, and I don't want the damn old bicycle." At that, he came and threw his arms around me.

So that was what they had talked about for that hour on that last day. That was why Eric looked so much like a Howlett afterwards. And that was why, just now, he spoke with the living voice of my father.

It was the end for mother. She began to tremble and nearly fell. I went to her. She put her hands to her face. She shook like a little bush before a storm, and the storm came. For the first time she wept. She let me help her to her room. She sobbed at last over the loss in her life which, until this moment, she had not felt worthy to recognize. What had she just felt again, perhaps for the last time? It was the strength and power of her husband, and it came to her through that very much upset boy who lingered on the porch, touching the glorious toy he would not accept.

In a few moments she wanted to do what a while ago she had refused to do. "Bring him here," she said.

When I did, against his wish, she put her frail arms about him and humbled herself before him, weeping on his neck. She begged him to forgive her. "This is your dear little grandmother," she said in her familiar words but without her old coquetry. "I did a wicked thing. Eric, don't be angry with me. I was wrong. Can you ever forgive me?"

He looked at me to discover whether to forgive meant also to betray, and then he was able to console her a little, and he let go.

THURSDAY. We are calm again. Nothing more was said about the matter, even when the hardware store truck came and took back the glittering bribe. I think I was proudest of Eric when, wanting it very badly, he saw it go. I left him alone at that moment. He never wavered.

Mother has stayed in bed. Old Mrs. de Castro came in during the morning to sit with her, and is now able to report to other attentive friends that mother has at last given way to her grief, which they all knew would be good for her in the end. They are right, in their ancient wisdom, though in this case for reasons they do not know. Meanwhile, things are more comfortable, and I imagine we'll be here for the next week or so, depending on how long mother needs us.

I'll send this now, so you'll get it at Pearl, and I'll keep more coming whenever I can. I pray you will be safe and that you can soon come back to us.

Ever your loving,
K.

* * *

Commander Anson put down the last page, which he had been able to reach without interruption. He wasn't as expressive as his wife, but more than ever he knew and loved what was his to return to, or, if it came to that, what would strongly survive him.

THE END

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